THE NATION

February 24, 1964 . . 35c

H. L. Hunt

Portrait of a SUPER-PATRIOT

The Wealth, the Creed, the Henchmen, the Communications Network of the Elusive Messiah from Texas

Robert G. Sherrill

Justice in Mississippi

NOTES ON THE BECKWITH TRIAL

Jeannine Herron

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LETTERS

Miller's 'Fall'

New York City

Dear Sirs: Your review of *After the Fall* [Gordon Rogoff, Feb. 10 issue] . . . was balm to an audience that wanted to cry "shame" and could only remain silent. . . . Mr. Miller hopes future audiences will understand him *(The New York Times);* his own generation appears to understand him only too well.

A. Collyer

New Canaan, Conn.

Dear Sirs: I've just read the latest issue of *The Nation* [Feb. 10]. It's superb — from the opening editorial to the dramatic criticism at the end. . . . Rogoff is, for me, a discovery. The critic's business is to decide, for busy and impoverished men like us, whether "to see or not to see."

Charles A. Siepmann

New York City

Dear Sirs: In his review of *After the Fall,* Gordon Rogoff writes, "if the leadership [of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center] showed even one central link with a younger generation, for example, as Tynan serves Olivier with a younger generation. . . ."

Thus far the British National Theatre has produced such younger generation dramatists as Shakespeare, Shaw, Farquhar, together with *Hobson's Choice,* a 1916 farce, and *Andorra* by Max Frisch.

A mature reviewer would not make any predictions about the British National Theatre on the basis of a first season, nor would such a reviewer presume to prognosticate the future of the Repertory Theatre of Lincoln Center on the basis of the first three plays of its program. To quote Harold Clurman in *The Nation* of Feb. 3, "With the establishment of the new theatres we have our best chance for a transformation. . . . This cannot be done in a hurry. One, two, or even three seasons will not be enough."

Susan Bloch

Fruits of automation

New York City

Dear Sirs: The last issue of *The Nation* [Feb. 10] certainly was magnificent. However, one fact struck me. In one article we are told how much approximately we hand out to Spain . . . it amounts to some billions of dollars, and the same goes for Vietnam. . . . Yet when Mr. Kirstein analyzes the effect of automation and proposes some ways of stimulating employment, he talks about "unbalancing" the budget. How about using the money we hand out to others to employ American unemployed? Nobody seems to know what we need bases in Spain for, so why spend billions to keep them? Why waste our dollars to keep the so-called Nationalist Chinese in power. . . ?

It seems to me we just have no excuse for sitting pretty while over four million of our citizens have no employment. It seems to me we . . . definitely encourage communism — is there a "Communist danger" in Denmark or Sweden where there are no unemployed? And we cannot say either that we have no money, when we give it away left and right to regimes that do not deserve it. . . . Will our children really approve of our giving Franco so many billions?

Werner Landshoff

New York City

Dear Sirs: Mr. Kirstein quotes Mr. Theobald's proposal for a *new* constitutional right of the individual to sustenance income. This is not a new constitutional right at all, but one guaranteed by the founders of this nation. Even in pre-Constitution days, Jefferson declared the right of the individual to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. . . . The way Jefferson sought to guarantee every citizen's freedom and independence as a constitutional right was by landed property.

That was in the eighteenth century, when the age of agriculture was still in full bloom and a vast continent seemed to allow enough land for "a thousand years." In the twentieth century, land can no longer guarantee the citizen's freedom and independence, but a guaranteed share in the production of abundance can. Our inherited constitutional right, interpreted according to the conditions of this century — when the age of agriculture is waning and the age of "cyberculture" beginning — can assure the golden age for our country and for our world. . . .

Alice Mary Hilton

Danger of 'security'

Palmer, Mass.

Dear Sirs: I was amazed to read Chief Justice Earl Warren's statement that there is information concerning President Kennedy's death that may not be released during our lifetime. The reason, it is explained, is that it involves matters of national security. It has been said that many political blunders, crimes and scandals have been hidden under the cloak of "national security," and one wonders whether that might be the case here.

Warren's statement tends to add weight to your recent article, "Oswald and the FBI" [Jan. 27]. If Oswald was in the employ of the FBI is this the reason for secrecy? The John Birch Society is making a concerted effort to convince the public that the assassination of Kennedy was carried out upon orders from Moscow. Is there any truth here, and is this the reason for secrecy . . . ?

More harm will be done by withholding truth than by releasing it to a concerned people. . . .

Rev. David Blanchard

THE NATION

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Ain't It Awful?

President Johnson is getting a great deal of advice from right-wing commentators these days, especially in the realm of foreign affairs. Of course from their viewpoint the country is also going to the dogs domestically, but it is in the area of the cold war that their lamentations are loudest. And they are sure they know what the President must do if America is to be saved —as Edgar Ansel Mowrer's *World Affairs* headline puts it "LBJ Must Get Tough, Disown 'Peace' Policy."

Getting tough is a policy that always appeals to newsmen hungry for circulation, and to readers hungry for quick and simple solutions to the problems that fever the world, but most American citizens are too level-headed to buy it. They realize that the outcries over Uncle Sam's multiple humiliations come from those who have a vested interest in the cold war and are afraid that they are losing their investment. Hence the urge to blow up a non-Communist take-over in Zanzibar into another triumph for Castro, or the Greek-Turkish conflict in Cyprus into an impending triumph for Khrushchev. War, after all, is America's biggest industry: it defends itself, and finds defenders in the news and opinion media, just as the cigarette industry fights for its life and its profits. None the less, a lot of Americans are very tired of the cold war, and the fact that it is not going well does not upset them. Had it gone well, it might by now have culminated in World War III. As it is we may stop trying to remake the world in our own self-image, which was never very accurate to begin with and has been increasingly distorted since World War II. The fact is that not only the U.S., but all the Great Powers are frustrated today, and this is not necessarily a bad thing. Each of them would like to boss the world, not one is morally fit to do so, and all of them are locked in the vise of the nuclear stalemate.

The place to watch at the moment is South Vietnam, because events there are turning out as badly as possible for our side. The situation in Southeast Asia has been hidden from the American people by a smoke screen of spurious optimism and plain lies, but the truth is beginning to come out. Malcolm Browne of the Associated Press estimates from the scene that the Viet Cong has grown from a few thousand organizers in 1959 to 300,000 active members, and that its "front" supporters may number four to five million. Communists, he says, are the undisputed leaders, but very few of the rank and file are Communists. The organizers preach that the Vietnamese public hates the governing regime and that continuation of the war will only bring more misery. The latter thesis certainly is hard to rebut. If now the North Vietnamese will show some sense, the whole area might be neutralized. Our right-wingers would have even more to wail about, but wouldn't the rest of us be better off?

On Rewarding Friends

COPE, the nonpartisan political arm of AFL-CIO, is dedicated to the task of rewarding the "friends" and discouraging the "enemies" of organized labor—labor's traditional formula for political action. Although it has always had its critics in and out of the labor movement, the formula has served as a fairly reliable guide to political action for a long time; but the 1964 elections may find COPE taking some odd positions. In Ohio, for example, COPE has thus far declined to endorse Senator Stephen M. Young for re-election, despite a voting record that, by labor's standards, is second to none. This record does not seem to count against the argument that Colonel Glenn, as the Democratic nominee, would have a better chance of defeating the Republicans' Robert Taft, Jr., and also of carrying Ohio for President Johnson. This argument, in turn, would seem to derive from Gallup's "identification" poll which shows that Mark Hatfield is recognized by 7 per cent of the voters, Thruston Morton by 13 per cent, George Romney by 33 per cent, Barry Goldwater by 58 per cent, Nelson Rockefeller by 84 per cent, Richard Nixon by 84 per cent, John Glenn by 89 per cent and Elizabeth Taylor by 91 per cent. By this scale, only Miss Taylor would stand much of a chance of topping Colonel Glenn.

In Texas, there are indications that the AFL-CIO will decline to endorse Don Yarborough, a candidate for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, although he has a fine labor record, whereas Governor John Connally has endorsed right-to-work laws and has a miserable record in his first term as Governor. Here a "trade-out" had been rumored: if labor declined to support Don Yarborough against Connally, the Johnson-Connally forces would see to it that Senator Ralph Yarborough had no opposition in the Democratic primary. But opposition has none the less developed in the person of Gordon McClendon, who has let it be known that he is in the Senate race at the insistence of Governor Connally. In this instance, the heads of certain international unions were called to the White House and urged to use their influence to keep the Texas unions from endorsing Don Yarborough. The argument offered was that since Connally will campaign with his arm in a sling—the victim of an assassin's bullet—he is virtually certain of re-election.

In Philadelphia, a special election has been called for April 28, to fill the vacancy created by the death of Rep. William Green, a Democratic stalwart and boss of the Philadelphia wards. Here the contest is between young William Green, still a student in law school, who aspires to fill the term of his father, and Edward H. Rovner, a Republican. Mr. Rovner has been an officer of Local 434 of the hotel and restaurant workers' union for many years; currently he is secretary of the Joint Board of that union in Philadelphia and business manager of Local 434. He has an excel-

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lent record as a labor official and as a civic leader; Philadelphia sources in whom *The Nation* has confidence inform us that he has many of the qualities that have made Rep. John V. Lindsay (R., N.Y.) so outstanding in Congress. Yet in this context, which provided labor with a fine opportunity to endorse one of its own and also to prove that it is truly nonpartisan, it has decided to remain neutral. Whatever may be said for labor's position in these elections on the score of expediency and of playing the Administration's game, it is hardly consistent with the traditional policy of "rewarding" friends. COPE seems in this instance to be the captive of those in the Democratic Party who feel that labor has no place else to go—and of the now widespread notion that the main thing is to pick a Winner, old loyalties and preferences and fine voting records notwithstanding.

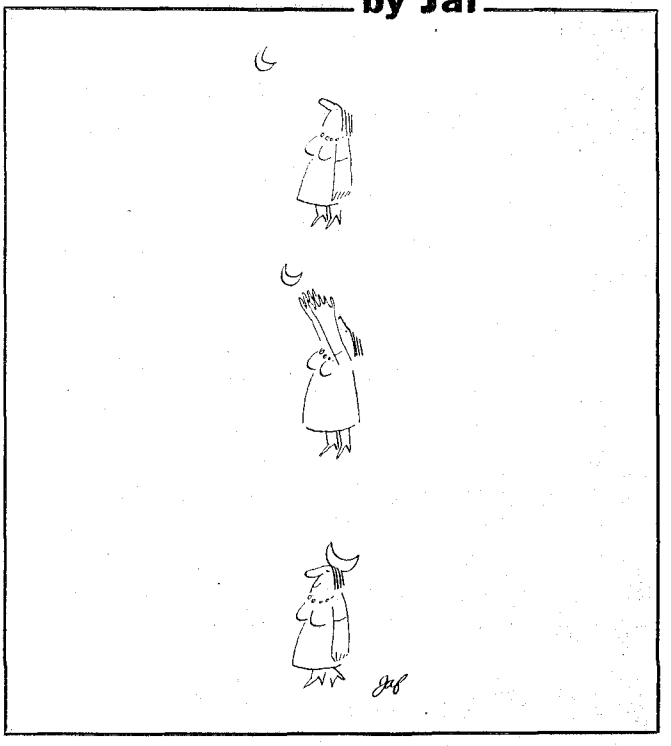
Those 'Confidential' Files

The Bobby Baker, Don Reynolds, Walter Jenkins, Lyndon B. Johnson controversy raises the question: Who is entitled to receive the information contained in an individual's FBI dossier, or other information in government files? According to Drew Pearson, citing FBI findings, while Reynolds was an officer in the Air Force he was guilty of bringing "reckless charges . . . against people who crossed him, accusing them of being Communists and sex deviates." As a consular officer in Germany, he is also alleged to have withheld visas from German girls to induce them to have sexual relations with him. All this may or may not be true, or it may be partly false and partly true; that is not the point. What is crucial is the apparent management of the news by leakage of FBI material to discredit a witness before a Senate investigating committee — a witness who has made serious charges involving White House aides, and even the President himself.

The material might conceivably have been used legitimately by the Senate Rules Committee in its questioning of Reynolds. In executive sessions, the committee might have given the witness the gist of the charges and queried him on them in relation to his general credibility. But, according to Laurence Stern, writing in *The Washington Post*, committee investigators sought but were denied access to the material on the ground that it was classified. L. P. McLendon, the committee's chief counsel, was likewise rebuffed. But not Pearson. After Reynolds had testified, and when it was to the interest of various persons involved in the Baker case to discredit him, someone disclosed to Pearson derogatory information purporting to be FBI findings.

In the heyday of Joseph McCarthy, FBI information was almost routinely used to clobber witnesses who were called up before investigating committees for the specific purpose of being clobbered. FBI information has always been suspect and, whether it was authentic or valid, it has been put to some dirty uses. When McCarthy was terrorizing governmental agencies, nothing else was to be expected, but who

by Jaf



is doing the dirty work now? Pearson denies he got his material from the White House, but *The New York Times* says flatly that "direct approaches were made by persons in the White House to at least two publications in an effort to have them alter or suppress articles based on the Reynolds testimony." In another instance someone in the White House warned the publisher of a national news magazine against using what Reynolds had said, and read over the telephone excerpts from what was identified as an FBI file on Reynolds.

The White House seems to have some more explaining to do.

The Turtle Gap

Great advances in technology are often the result of the union of hitherto unconnected ideas. An opportunity of this sort appears to present itself in a recent proposal by Stanley W. Burriss of Lockheed, who has been general manager of the Polaris missile program since its beginnings in 1957. At a meeting of the American Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics, Burriss suggested that we should not be satisfied with pointing megaton explosives at the Russians from nuclear-powered submarines. Burriss wants to go all the way down to the ocean floor, where he envisions a crawling submarine—he likens it to a turtle—which will be better protected against nuclear depth charges. With a few hundred such devices patrolling the ocean bottom, the free world will be secure—at least until the Russians come crawling alongside.

But the Russians will almost certainly close the turtle gap, and for that reason, the bottom crawler must be regarded as no more than a makeshift. We must prepare for combat, not merely in Gray's dark un-

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fathomed caves of ocean (which bear the gem of purest ray serene) but in regions far below. Nor is this the visionary scheme which it appears to be at first blush. Actually, the means to burrow beneath the bottom of the sea are practically at hand. Everybody has heard of Project Mohole, the goal of which is to drill from a floating platform into the earth's interior for the purpose, according to the National Science Foundation, of learning more "about the structure and composition of our planet, its age and origin, the origin and evolution of life through studies of the fossils found in the sedimentary layers, and the age and structure of the ocean basins."

Well, now. Put yourself in the place of the typical Congressman, ever watchful that the taxpayer should get his money's worth. Naturally this guardian of the public treasury asks: What's all this about the age and origin of this here planet, which is only partly ours? The Russians, the Cubans, the Chinese—those are the jokers we should be worrying about!

The conclusion is obvious—Mohole must be given a military objective. And since Mr. Burriss is already getting us down to the bottom of the ocean, the rest should be easy. Link up the present silly-science Mohole with the Polaris concept, and you have a real breakthrough. A little imagination and a few billion dollars could produce a completely new realm for warfare. With nuclear weapons in outer and inner space, in the atmosphere, on, in and *beneath* the ocean, we can at last convince those Reds that we really mean business.

Privileged Sanctuary

In the debate on the tax-reduction bill, Senator John J. Williams (R., Del.) said: "I know of no loophole in the tax laws so inequitable as the excessive depletion exemptions now enjoyed by oil and mining interests." Senator Paul Douglas (D., Ill.) pointed out that the average tax payment by all corporations was 49 per cent of net profits, but in 1961, according to *Moody's*, Texaco paid only 13.2 per cent, Sinclair 18.2, Socony-Mobil 31.1, Standard Oil of New Jersey 11.7. About 72 per cent of all depletion allowances went to firms having assets of $100 million or more. At the other end of the scale, firms having less than $1 million in assets got only 2 per cent of all allowances — so much for the argument that it is the impecunious wildcatter who is kept alive by depletion allowances.

After these citations and a mass of supporting data, one might think that the Senate would have slashed the depletion allowances. If so, one just doesn't know the Senate as presently constituted. All Senator Williams proposed was to scale down the depletion allowances from the present 27.5 per cent on oil and gas to 25 per cent in the current year, 22.5 per cent in 1965 and 20 per cent in 1966, for a total revenue gain of $250 million. His moderation was of no avail. The Senate defeated his amendment 61-33 — about the same ratio as in past years. Senator Douglas tried a different tack: scaling down the allowance in proportion to bigness. Companies earning under $1 million could continue to claim 27.5 per cent, but in the $1-5 million range the allowance would be cut to 21 per cent, and so on. The Douglas amendment was defeated 57-35.

The 27.5 per cent depletion allowance has been on the statute books since 1926. All other taxes, especially those of individuals, have gone up mightily since then, but the 27.5 per cent depletion is both sacred and apparently immortal. Senator Proxmire pointed out that other businessmen are allowed to write off their assets only once, but between 1946 and 1949 the oil industry was able to write off its oil wells not once, not twice, not three times, but nineteen times (*Congressional Record*, Feb. 6, p. 2083). That argument did not avail either.

We are told some of the facts about one oil magnate in this issue. What should be particularly noted is that by virtue of the depletion allowance we — the army of anonymous individual taxpayers — are brainwashed to Hunt's satisfaction, at our expense. We are his partners, willy-nilly, in the operation of his right-wing propaganda mill, which in turn is largely devoted to defending his billions. Striking it rich may be in the American tradition, but the oil magnates seem to be rubbing it in. As for the Senate, if it wants to be known as the legislative body of privilege, not of the American people, it is going about its business in the right way.

Justice in Mississippi

Notes on the Beckwith Trial . . . Jeannine Herron

Jackson, Miss.

"We are hopelessly deadlocked, Your Honor. There is no chance of reaching a decision." So ended the lengthy trial, and the weary jury retired, discouraged after eleven hours of deliberation on the guilt or innocence of Byron De La Beckwith in the murder of Medgar Evers, NAACP leader. The statement of impasse reflects the dilemma of the entire state of Mississippi, as white supremacy remains on trial for the slaying of human rights.

Few had expected the trial to be more than a show, their predictions symbolically confirmed in the courtroom by the slightly tipped scales of justice on the wall above Judge Leon Hendrick's head. After all, this was Mississippi — home of Mack Parker and Emmett Till — where

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Negroes had been shot for attempting to vote, where threats to the lives of integrationists were common, where only a week earlier an almost identical ambush murder took the life of voter-registration worker Lewis Allen in a town called Liberty.

But the development of the trial was surprising. Prosecuting attorney William Waller and his assistant John Fox presented a well-documented case. The jury, artfully selected, evidently took their oaths seriously. If the trial represents Mississippi's Great Trial, the personalities of Beckwith and Waller suggest the two prevailing forces in white Mississippi — the unstable, vituperative, fearful segregationists, and the reasonable, law-abiding, intelligent, honest segregationists.

During the first few days of the jury selection, Waller's behavior made it seem that the trial would progress no more justly than anyone expected. Although dynamic and attractive, Waller was insulting. He referred to Medgar Evers as "an offensive person." His use of the word "nigger" or "nigra" angered the predominantly Negro audience. Of the defendant he said, "I like Mr. Beckwith. He has a pleasant way." But his probing challenges on the race question revealed and eliminated many a prospect whose opinions would have "placed an undue burden on the state."

His questions assumed that every white Mississippian was a segregationist:

Do you have any scruples that would keep you from convicting a white man for killing a nigra? Did you contribute to the Beckwith defense fund? The deceased worked in a way obnoxious and emotionally repulsive to you as a businessman and me as a lawyer—can you put that out of your mind and judge this case like any other case? It is not necessary that you equivocate over your principles, nor that I do so either. It is our duty to keep the law. Taking into account what I said about the deceased, can you be impartial? In the sense of being killed, he was *a human being.*

Would rendering an unpopular verdict affect your relationship with your customers? You may have heard that to convict Mr. Beckwith would aid the cause of integration and federal legislation — can you forget about that and consider only the law and the evidence? I'm a little upset right now myself with all these nigras in the courtroom— does that bother you? You might feel identification and sympathy for Mr. Beckwith—he's a Mason, you're a Mason; he's a veteran, you're a veteran; you're a father, he's a father; you believe, he believes — can you put those things aside?

Waller's skill and purpose were not immediately apparent, clouded as they were by his comments; but while his questions roused momentary ire in the spectators, they succeeded in establishing an understanding of the situation necessary to procure a sober and — by oath — impartial jury. The thirteen men (one alternate was selected) were white, Protestant and Southern-born. They were in no way unusual, in no way immune from the prejudices of their community or the retaliation of their neighbors: salesmen, employees of public utilities, a public relations man, a city bus driver — a cross section of Mississippi, with a quite astonishing incidence of moral courage.

Of ninety-five men questioned, seven were Negroes. Of the seven, three were quickly eliminated by Waller and the remaining four were last on the list. Having a Negro on the jury would have been, to say the least, awkward. The men were locked up together for ten days, slept together and ate together at public restaurants.

As the trial itself opened, it gradually became clear that the district attorney intended without reservation to prove Beckwith guilty in "ten ways." He courteously refused Beckwith's offers of cigars and seemed not to notice when the defendant patted him on the back as he left the courtroom. His prosecution was thorough, precise and unwavering. Judge Leon Hendrick, a dignified, admirable old barrister, showed himself absolutely fair in evaluating objections to the testimony. Waller produced fifty-six witnesses and some sixty pieces of evidence. The defense's one newspaper clipping introduced as evidence seemed lame by comparison.

Byron De La Beckwith first appeared with the ceremony and air of a monarch approaching his own coronation. He was accompanied by an entourage of officers of the court who acted for all the world like his personal armed bodyguards. A uniformed honor guard was stationed at the door, and the nobles of Beckwith's kingdom (former Governor Ross Barnett, ex-Major General Edwin Walker) came to pay him homage. His supreme confidence was not born of innocence, but of his complete belief that the system, being on his side, would acquit him.

His self-assurance was, however, sustained by his sense of heroic martyrdom, and hungry for confirmation. He compulsively sought a nod from every person in the press box, and his eyes would return again and again for recognition.

His creed, as brought out by the prosecution to establish the motive, was set forth in many letters he wrote. In this county courthouse, under a towering statue of Moses, Byron Beckwith laid down his Law:

I believe in segregation like I believe in God. I shall oppose any person, place or thing that opposes segregation. I shall combat the evils of integration and shall bend every effort to rid the U.S. of the integrationists, whoever and wherever they may be . . . without mental reservation or equivocation.

In a letter to the National Rifle Association he wrote: "For the next fifteen years we in Mississippi will have to do a lot of shooting to protect our wives and children from bad niggers and sorry white folk." After he was taken into custody, he submitted an article to *Outdoor Life* on the subject, "Shooting at night in summertime for varmints."

Three major defense witnesses, who had not testified at any of the preliminary hearings, appeared at the last moment to declare that on the night of the murder they had seen Beckwith at 11:45 P.M. and 1:05 A.M. at two gas stations in Greenwood — thus establishing that he could not have been in Jackson (fifty miles away) at 12:45 A.M., the time of the murder. No one tried to explain why Beckwith stopped at two gas stations in so short a span of time, nor why he was out so late when ordinarily he rose for work at 5 A.M.

There has been much speculation as to why the defense put Beckwith on the stand. He is rather unstable and his behavior was therefore unpredictable, but there was no other way to establish the "disappearance" of the murder weapon, the 30.06 Enfield rifle with the 60-power

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Golden Hawk scope, from his possession on the day before the murder.

And so, in a surprised and electric atmosphere, Byron Beckwith took the stand in his own defense. He answered questions with a loud "Yes, Suh!," turning frequently to the jury in an overpolished performance of an overwritten script. He was ready, like a Charming Chatty doll when you pull the string, with glibly recorded replies, but the courtroom was held in fascination by the risk that at any moment he might jump to the wrong groove.

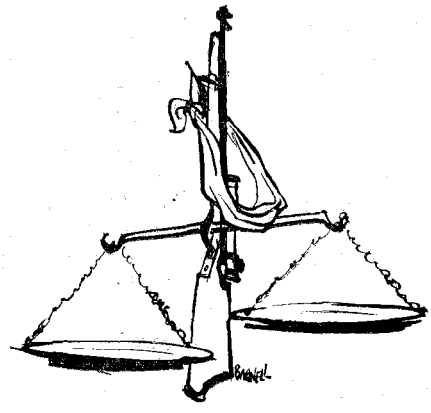
"I couldn't say this was my gun, No, Suh [referring to exhibit 21]. I had a gun just about like that, but I never make any record of serial numbers." What happened to his 30.06 rifle? "It left my possession. I discovered that Monday night [the night before the murder] when I came home from Greenville. I looked around the car for it. I wasn't certain whether I left it in the house or car. My car could not be locked."

Did he leave the house locked? "The house is in a fearful state of repairs." He turned conversationally to the jury. "Have you seen any pictures of my house?" Judge Hendrick: "Mr. Beckwith, you're not supposed to ask questions, just answer them."

"Well, the house was built in 1900. A skeleton key would open it. The kind you can buy at any dime store. We never locked the house unless we were going to be out of town. I sure don't know what happened to that rifle."

It was hard to assess the jury's reaction to Beckwith's testimony, but in the press section smiles were exchanged. Beckwith couldn't sell his innocence, but one could see why he was so successful at selling fertilizer.

There was no doubt about Waller's sincerity as he wound up the case for the prosecution. The motive was obvious: Beckwith wanted to kill the movement and he went after the number one man. He schemed to get the cause, not the man. The gun was his, and in spite of being an "avid gun trader, with as many as thirty or forty guns sometimes," Beckwith kept the Enfield three years. He obtained the telescopic sight, and it bore his fresh fingerprint when the weapon was found carefully hidden near the scene of the crime. He had been seen with an open wound over his eye during the week of the murder. He claimed it was caused by the recoil of the scope when he was "target shooting" two days before the murder. His car, a white Valiant with a long radio aerial on the back, had been noticed near the scene in the days preceding the crime, and had been identified by two witnesses as being there on the night of the murder. He refused to



answer FBI men when they questioned him in Greenwood and failed to produce any alibi witness until the eleventh hour of the trial, although three preliminary hearings had been held during the preceding eight months.

The prosecution continued: "I feel sincerely that Mr. Beckwith is guilty. It is the worst crime, the most cold-blooded killing, I've ever seen. It is not a crime of passion or revenge. It is one man's short-lived hold on destiny in which he can become a big, big martyr. Did he come in humbly and say, 'I'm innocent'? He sat upon that throne of glory and reveled in it. His attitude was almost beyond comprehension. He had the capacity, capability and the inclination, and he did execute Medgar Evers."

There is still the possibility, the defense claimed, that Byron Beckwith didn't actually shoot the gun. It couldn't be proved absolutely that the death bullet came from his gun, although it compared in make and caliber to the bullets left in the gun. There is no way you can *prove* a fingerprint is fresh. And there were those three witnesses who saw Beckwith in Greenwood. The defense concluded: "We believe that this jury is not going to render a verdict to satisfy the Attorney General of the United States."

Most observers predict that the "arch-conservative" will eventually be acquitted and disappear into the vast spaces of New Mexico, where he will undoubtedly finish his book, *My Ass, Your Goat, and the Republic,* and write letters about sending the Indians back where they came from.

None the less, the trial is a positive entry in Mississippi's otherwise black record, though it cannot be viewed out of context. While justice was receiving unexpected honor in the Hinds County Courthouse, Jackson police, anticipating Negro unrest because of the trial, fired into a crowd of chanting college students. The demonstration, started because a student had been struck by a car earlier in the evening, might have remained a peaceful protest, but the keyed-up police moved in with cars and rifles. The students responded with jeers and bottles, and then became infuriated by the appearance of the city's new (and heretofore untried) powder-blue riot tank. When tear gas failed to break up the crowd, the police opened fire and wounded five students.

Tension pervaded the courthouse itself. Negroes attending the trial were thoroughly searched. A police dog was kept in the courthouse, "in case of trouble." A prominent civil rights leader (a minister) in Jackson was turned out of the courthouse one day and arrested on a traffic charge the next. And in Liberty, Miss., another victim of white supremacy lost his life as he returned to his home and family late one night.

The prosecution and the defense will now regather their forces.

It has been said that the real issue on trial was whether or not it is a crime to kill a Negro in Mississippi. There was a deeper issue as well. Mr. Waller made the statement, "In the sense of being killed, Medgar Evers *was* a human being." He later confirmed Evers' humanity when he said "murder is murder whether it is a short man, rich man, big man or child."

If Negroes are really human beings under the law in Mississippi, and if murder is murder, doesn't it follow that a vote is a vote?

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H. L. Hunt

Portrait of a Super-Patriot . . . .

Robert G. Sherrill

It has become something of a game with newspapers and magazines to guess whether Haroldson Lafayette Hunt or his oil peer J. Paul Getty is America's richest citizen. Six years ago *The New York Times Magazine* rated Hunt number one. Then *Fortune* and *Life* promoted Getty. That rating lasted until three years ago when *True* jumped Hunt to the top again, quoting Getty with the modest disclaimer: "The corporations in which I own shares are rich enterprises, but *I* am not wealthy. They hold the property. They control me. In terms of extraordinary, independent wealth, there is only one man. H. L. Hunt."

Hunt and his sons rule their oil empire as individual men, not even as a family, and most certainly without a board of directors.

People like to talk about the wealth of Hunt. It satisfies whatever need it is that "the mostest" stories satisfy — the impulse that creates folk heroes out of the biggest sinners. A current joke going around in Texas is this: Reporter: "Mr. Hunt, your son Lamar has lost $1 million a year supporting his professional football team. Doesn't this worry you?" Mr. Hunt: "Certainly it worries me. At that rate Lamar will be broke in 250 years." Hunt encourages this kind of humor, for reasons all too pathetically apparent. If there is anything Hunt is short of and which his money can't buy, it is good public relations.

Soon after *Fortune* and *Life* had demoted Hunt to number two Croesus, a Nebraska garage owner by the same name wrote playfully to the billionaire: "What the hell is the matter? Are you slipping? I see you rated today in the second-string list. Now get on the ball and get back in the top bracket where you belong, us Hunts don't recognize any second raters."

Letters like that rarely come to H. L. Hunt's office. Somebody out there thought of him as a human being. Hunt reproduced literally hundreds of thousands of copies of that letter, mailing them all over the world. When he went into the Middle East to dicker with the sheiks, he took the letter along to show his humanity and even credited it with winning some of the oil concessions.

Saul Pett, one of the first newsmen to sit down and really talk with Hunt, noticed that "he tolerates — almost seems to enjoy — questions about his wealth. . . ." Recently, during the New York news conference at which Hunt had tried to explain why he and his patriotic exhibit had been evicted from the proposed World's Fair, he tired of answering questions on that topic and remarked drily, "Let's talk about how rich I am, or something."

The "or something" of how Hunt became rich is not a dull subject. He was born in Vandalia, Ill., seventy-four years ago. He could read by the time he was three and could memorize a prose page in two readings by the time he graduated from the fifth grade. That was the end of his schooling. Hunt, thirteen years old, nearly man-size, began to drift. For a few years he was a cowhand in the Dakotas and in Canada, and a lumberjack in Arizona. But he had always wanted a farm of his own and he had heard his father speak of how rich the soil was around Lake Village, Ark. So young Hunt went there, started growing cotton, and became a very wealthy farmer. Then in 1921, cotton prices dropped to almost nothing, and Hunt was wiped out.

It was a fortunate disaster. It drove him into oil. But how did a broke man get his first lease? For many years the story has been that Hunt, an extremely able man at cards, won his first lease at the gaming table. That explanation got into print for the first time in 1950, in a British newspaper, but it has been repeated many times since. Hunt denies it all.

In any case, Hunt took a fortune from the Arkansas fields, and moved into East Texas in 1930. He was there when C. M. (Dad) Joiner brought in what was to become the world's largest producing field. Hunt bought Joiner's discovery well—No. 1 Daisy Bradford — and obtained 4,000 acres on lease in the vicinity. As a matter of mysterious fact, he wound up with most of the land Joiner started with; nobody has ever figured out how he did it. Hunt says it was simple: he paid $1 million. But Joiner died with little money, and the almost uncountable riches Hunt has taken from Joiner's old land has turned some Texas oil men sour on him; to them it is a matter of historical desert vs. commercial luck.

A Case of Texas Luck

But in oil, where so much depends ultimately on luck, too much is often explained by it. Hunt had more than luck. Around Tyler, Hunt's home town in this period, he was known as a "loner." Unlike most of the pioneer oil men who enjoyed going into the field with their roughnecks, Hunt preferred the office. His genius was inside, making deals. Frank Lake, a Texas insurance commissioner whose father was for a time partner with Hunt, recalls: "Mr. Hunt never forgot anything. Maps, statistics, lease data—he never forgot." And he had a gambler's consummate faith in the law of averages. Hunt once said:

> *An element of luck is important —when you first get started in the business. If you don't get a well fast, you can't accumulate the capital to start operating on a large enough scale. But after you start rolling, what you mainly need is a thorough knowledge of the laws of chance. A wildcatter can expect to bring in one well for every thirty tries, and only one man in thirty will do that. If you don't have faith in the law of averages, you'll probably get discouraged and quit. In my wildcatting days, I've drilled a hundred dry wells one after the other. Then when prospects looked most pessimistic, the law of averages would go to work for me, just as I figured it would.*

The boldness of that statement can be understood only when one realizes that a quarter of a million dollars is not an unusual cost for wildcatting a single well.

By the time Hunt left Tyler for Dallas in 1938, the Hunt Oil Co.

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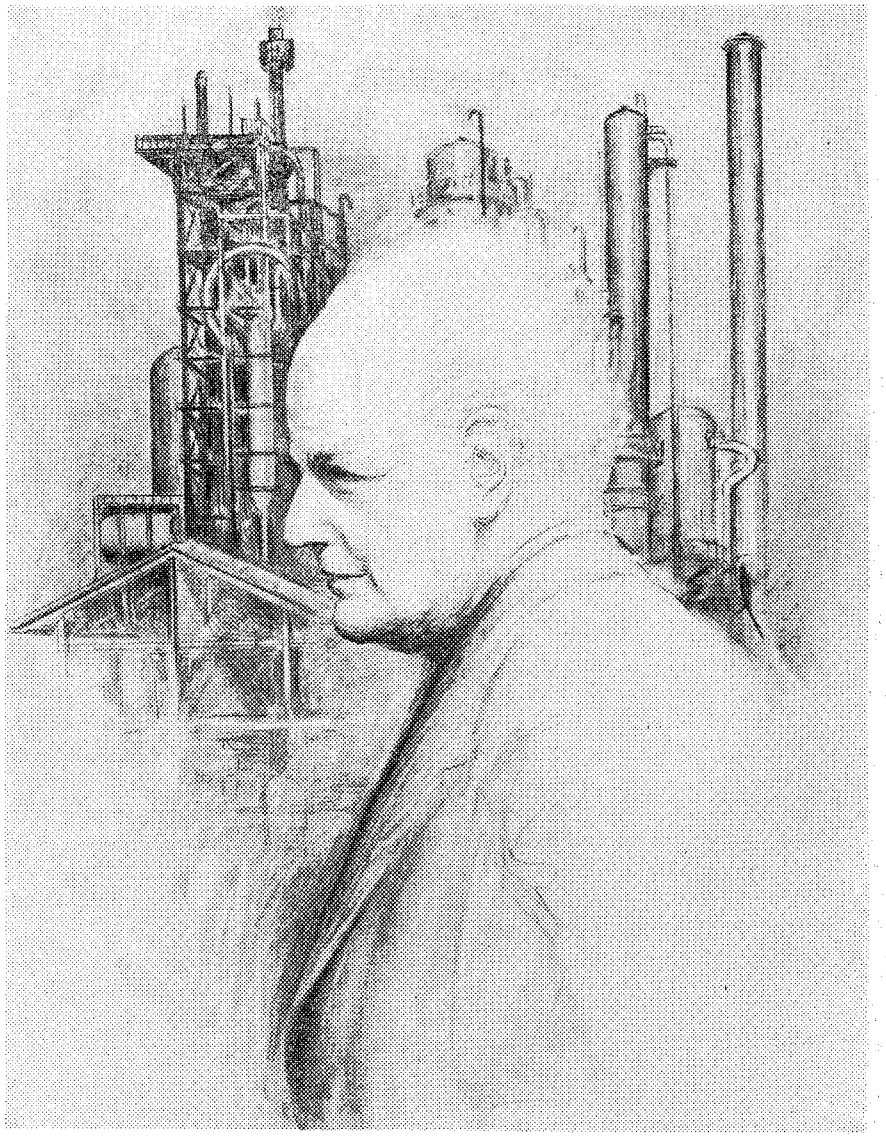
was what it would remain, the largest independent petroleum producer in the world. During World War II, Hunt held more oil reserves than all the Axis nations put together. Right after the war, when a strike closed the Eastern coal mines during the winter of '46, Hunt supplied 85 per cent of the natural gas put through to the area from the Southwest to relieve the fuel shortage.

He has become the world's most expansive wildcat explorer. "It's my policy," he says, "to take options everywhere."

In recent years he has done exactly that: leases in the Middle East—which even Hunt describes as "fantastic," including generous concessions in Kuwait, that wildcatters' paradise where a dry hole has never been drilled; leases on 11 million acres in Libya, which oil men expect to become just as productive as the Middle East; and widespread developments in this country, including oil reserves of an estimated billion barrels under Montana. Branching into other industries, Hunt owns ranch land worth $200 million, with 9,000 head of cattle and 12,000 sheep on one ranch alone near Cody, Wyo.; timberland, canning factories, citrus groves, some of the largest pecan farms in America, food-processing plants (turning out HLH Hallmark, HLH Alma, HLH Saxet, HLH Butterfield and HLH RingO) and drug-manufacturing laboratories (HLH Mercurochrome, HLH buffered aspirin, HLH glycerine suppositories, HLH multiple vitamins, HLH "Gastro-Majic"). Hunt is an alchemist under whose hand everything turns either to gold or to controversy.



H. L. Hunt Klein

The controversy stems from the fact that H. L. Hunt, in addition to being very probably the richest man in America, is very probably the country's most powerful propagandist for the extreme Right. The main vehicle for his brand of conservatism today is Life Line, a radio program originating in Washington, D.C., and daily reaching an estimated audience of 5 million persons in forty-five states. It is heard over 331 stations, among which are 25 per cent of the nation's clear channel outlets.

In the weeks immediately preceding the assassination of President Kennedy, the commentators of Life Line were daily warning their listeners that his tyrannical Administration was by-passing the laws of Congress, following a line ordered by Moscow, suppressing the chief spokesmen for freedom in the land and forcing American taxpayers to subsidize communism around the world. It was a time, Life Line insisted, that cried out for "extreme patriotism," and by a ghoulish coincidence, the program broadcast in the Dallas area on the morning of the assassination prophesied a day when American citizens would no longer be allowed to own firearms with which to gun down their rulers. Under communism, which is seen as imminent in this country: "No firearms are permitted the people, because they would then have the weapons with which to rise up against their oppressors."

There is no evidence that the killer of Mr. Kennedy was incited by Life Line; on the other hand, it is little wonder that some members of the far Right believed that one of their members had done the deed. Life Line commentator James Dobbs, when he heard the news, burst into tears and said he would have nothing to do with murder. In the words of a *New Republic* editorial writer, Life Line broadcasts "the kind of program . . . that the brooding Oswalds of the left or right wing listen to and sometimes act on" — an opinion widely shared by those who credit it with creating an activist atmosphere for evil.

As for who sponsors the program, that is a matter of delicate semantics. On the record, it is sponsored by Life Line Foundation, Inc. But behind Life Line Foundation, Inc., is Haroldson Lafayette Hunt, and behind Hunt is the United States In-

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ternal Revenue Service, a silent but very faithful partner.

More than $4 million has been spent by Hunt in support of Life Line, but inasmuch as the foundation is tax-exempt, this money is deductible from Hunt's income tax. For a man in his tax bracket, this means the program has not cost him anything at all. The public at large, in a manner of speaking, has underwritten Life Line. For ten years the Internal Revenue Service has stood by Hunt, and there is no serious reason to think that it will turn on him now, although a number of Congressmen are attempting to break up the IRS-Hunt alliance.

'Gastro-Majic'

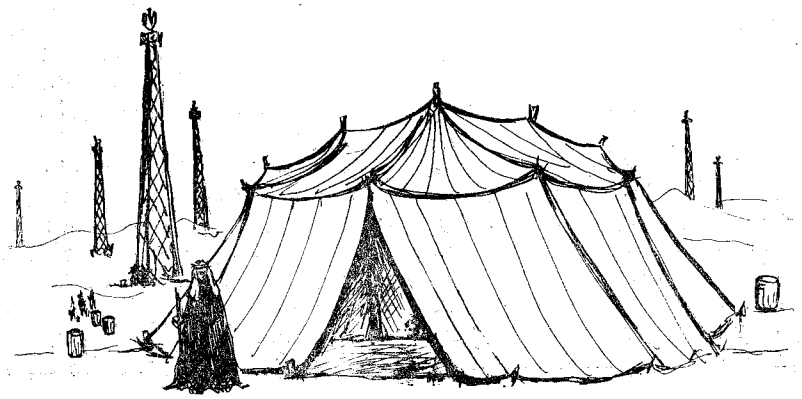
About ten blocks east of the Kennedy assassination site in Dallas are the offices of H. L. Hunt. The entire seventh floor of the Mercantile Bank Building is his, but for personal use he stays close to an unpretentious corner room. The leather in the chairs is badly cracked and discolored. There is only one photograph, of a son, on the dark green walls. There is no executive-suite pushbutton panel here, no gadgets but one: a small powerful radio over which Hunt can pick up Life Line twenty-two times a day by rotating the dial from Nashville to Corpus Christi.

On a table is a display for the digestive tablet, "Gastro-Majic," which for some reason seems to be Hunt's favorite drug creation, along with a photostated letter from a satisfied customer ("I had been troubled with gas which lay like a lump in my stomach for two years . . ."), a wastebasket on which are pasted old and curling labels of "HLH" food products, and a citation from the state of Georgia.

On his desk is one decoration, a dime-store toy flag, the pole about eight inches high. For the prescribed thirty-day period after Kennedy's death, the minuscule rayon patch hung at half-mast.

Advertising has in the last five years reached fetish proportions in Hunt's life. He constantly talks of patriotic advertising. Pasted face-out on the office windowpanes are small stickers advertising Life Line. One is inclined to ask if they are meant to catch the eye of anyone who happens to be strolling past at the seventh-floor level, but it is difficult to joke about them; they are stuck there with so much sincerity. Hunt plasters his car with Life Line and "Gastro-Majic" stickers, and asks his employees to do the same. Sometimes he circles the block an extra time before parking to let Dallas pedestrians have one more look. He has even gone behind the counter in the drugstore on the street level of his office building to promote and sell "Gastro-Majic." One amazed Dallas attorney recalls the sales pitch as: "Hello, I am H. L. Hunt, the world's richest man and these are 'Gastro-Majic' which I make, so they must be good. Try some." For a while Hunt had a large billboard advertising Life Line and "Gastro-Majic" on the front lawn of his Dallas home, which is a replica of, but reputedly five times larger than, Mount Vernon. The city council made him take the sign down after neighbors complained, but, undaunted, Hunt put up a smaller one on a vacant lot next door, where it still stands. On his mailbox by the road there is another crude hand-painted sign: "Life Line, 6:15 P.M.; dial 1080."

(There is a simple reason why the digestive tablet and other drug and food products are advertised equally with the program itself. The HLH products are the chief sponsors of Life Line; if you listen to Life Line, you hear HLH advertising; if you buy HLH products, you help support Life Line. The distinction between patriotism and profit does not exist for Hunt. "Everything I do," he says, "I do for profit.")



If Hunt participates in this exhibitionism awkwardly, it may be because he has had to force himself into it. He is by nature a recluse, a mystery to the public, hardly known even to other oil men of Texas. Hugh Roy Cullen, Houston multimillionaire and philanthropist, lived an active life in Texas petroleum and died at an advanced age without ever laying eyes on Hunt. Until 1945, Hunt had never permitted himself to be interviewed. Since then, he has been interviewed privately not over half a dozen times.

Only a fanatical patriotism — which he gladly equates with love of private enterprise — forced him at last into the open. He has even, on rare occasions since World War II, addressed civic clubs. Reminiscent of Coolidge wearing the Indian war bonnet, Hunt once told a patriotic joke to a Dallas Optimist Club. These are acts of desperation. He was reluctant to speak publicly, he says, "because I did not know how and I was afraid to try to speak. But I think we're so far gone that everyone is going to have to do everything he can to dispel the people's apathy. I think we are being taken over by the Communists."

Unless the exigencies of his country demand it, however, he seldom ventures farther than his corner green room. In adjoining offices there is great activity: secretaries mimeograph and mail hundreds of thousands of Hunt letters-to-the-editor or make Xerox copies of political clippings for filing; farther down the hall, oil attorneys and geologists and petroleum engineers look after the vast and hectic business of the H. L. Hunt Oil Co. But in Hunt's office, the atmosphere is almost benign as the soft-voiced old man, his wispy white hair forming a quasi-nimbus, dreams of saving the freedom of the Western world. "If we are not too far gone, if our freedom *can* be saved," he says firmly, "Life Line will save it."

As unpretentious as the room is Hunt himself. Visitors who have been asked to stay for lunch, envisioning an elaborate meal, are surprised when Hunt sends out for a

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sandwich for them, while for himself he pulls from his drawer his customary sack of dried prunes, a wedge of low-calorie cheese and several slices of bread made from the flour milled daily at "Mount Vernon." Hunt eats only bread baked from wheat grown in Deaf Smith County, in the Texas panhandle.

"I'm a health crank who don't follow my own advice very well," he says. He wants others to benefit from his crankiness, however, and in letters, sometimes jocularly signed H.L.H., M.D., he advises distant friends and employees on such matters as how to install a *bidet* or how to cure a cold with a homespun remedy. Generosity is not habitual with him, but he may, on whim, even send them a home-size flour mill or a vibrator couch. James Dobbs once arrived in Hunt's office with a backache and the old man obligingly got down on the floor to show him a good back exercise.

Hunt does not smoke or drink, although he used to. His one vice, as fundamentalists would call it, is gambling. All his adult life he has been a gambler, and there were periods right after World War I when his skill at cards determined whether or not he ate. Well known to Dallas police of the 1940s was the room on the floor beneath Hunt's office where two employees kept tabs on all major tracks via a straight line to Western Union. They placed bets on every race of consequence, and kept up to date a race horse bloodline library filling several cabinets.

His bets on Southwest Conference football games have been staggering. A friend who is not much poorer than Hunt recalls, with an admiring shake of his head, seeing Hunt bet $300,000 on one game. More about his interest in collegiate football might be on record if Hunt had not come down with a throat infection —which prevented his traveling— just after the U. S. District Attorney subpoenaed him to tell what he knew about a Terre Haute gambling syndicate that reaped $3.5 million in ten autumn weeks five years ago by appealing to rich men with its $1,000 bet minimum. When newsmen heckled him about the timing of his throat ailment, Hunt complained, "If you play a little gin, bridge or bingo, you are about as much a gambler as I am. And when I do something to turn the tide of world communism, I can't get a word in the papers."

Hunt looks like the kindly judge in an early Shirley Temple movie. He is rarely generous, but frequently thoughtful. And if he is privately quaint, at least he is not the overbearing public "character" so many Texas oil men take pride in being. He drives old cars and he wears old suits and he does not flaunt his riches. Even after he got his second billion, he said in all earnestness that he still felt the highest calling a man could have was to be a farmer. He enjoys children and he loves his country.

Why then has he, possibly more than any Texan at this moment in history, aroused so much bitter editorial animosity? What is there about Hunt which prompts one Dallas editor, who has observed him for years, to say coldly: "If he had more flair and imagination, if he weren't basically such a damned hick, Hunt could be one of the most dangerous men in America."

Hunt Behind the Throne

Since the late 1940s, Hunt has fancied himself in the role of king maker and as a shaper of national policy. He first became really keen on profit-politics when, like other big oil men, he got the scent of the underwater lands. His first choice as the man who could be counted on to see that those lands were placed in the proper hands was General Douglas MacArthur, whom he undertook to put in the White House. By Hunt's account, he personally arranged a meeting of MacArthur, General Lucius Clay, ex-President Herbert Hoover and Dwight Eisenhower in the Waldorf-Astoria before the 1952 Republican convention. The idea was to get Eisenhower to throw his support behind MacArthur. Ike refused.

At the Chicago convention, to which Hunt was a delegate, he continued to press his campaign. Today he claims, with an elaborate explanation of how a number of Taft delegates first promised to switch and then didn't, that he came "within two hours of making MacArthur the nominee." So his first efforts at king making failed, and the results were just as shocking as he had feared. When he bid $17 an acre on offshore oil tracts that the government was accustomed to leasing for an average of $406 an acre, Secretary of the Interior Frederick Seaton turned him down—even though Republican leaders Dirksen and Halleck accompanied Hunt to a protest interview with Seaton.

When the tidelands were transferred to state jurisdiction, Hunt got a more sympathetic hearing. Not only had he been a supporter of Governor Allan Shivers, the bane of all Texas liberals, but Shivers was on the board of advisers of Hunt's first propaganda venture, Facts Forum. So no one was much surprised when Shivers' land commissioner, Bascom Giles, who later went to the penitentiary for cheating the state, approved every one of Hunt's bids for more than 100,000 acres of tidelands oil leases, although Hunt bid an average of $6 an acre while the overall bid average was $78.

Hunt's mouth turns down when he thinks back to the Eisenhower administration. His failure to get the oil leases was just one of several "double crosses" he suffered from the Eisenhower team. He finds it hard to believe that he once said (1945) that his order of preference for President was MacArthur, Taft, Warren and Eisenhower. Warren, of course, has become to Hunt an unspeakable traitor. And Eisenhower? Almost as bad. "Except that he got rid of a few perverts in government," Hunt says, "Eisenhower was no good. Eisenhower was the worst President, the most harmful President we have ever had. He was so popular he didn't have to do anything people asked him to do."

That is one reason why Hunt takes pleasure in the airy notion that "I alone and single-handed, by telephone, letter and personal talks," whipped the legislatures of twelve states into ratifying the Twenty-Second Amendment (no third term). "It took me only seven weeks to do it," Hunt says proudly. "I consider it my only public-affairs victory, but it was a good one, because otherwise Eisenhower would still be President." Only Hunt has ever gone on record as crediting Hunt with this "victory," and since Johnson took office even he has not been so eager to claim it. "Johnson," he says, lighting up, "is the kind of President who can lead Congress around by its nose. I wouldn't mind seeing him in there for three terms."

The memory of the Eisenhower

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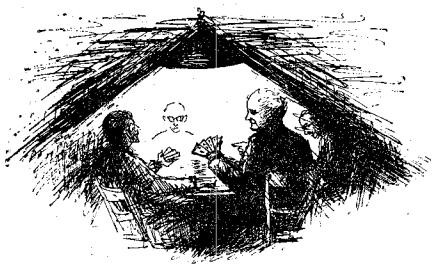
period is especially bitter to Hunt because, without at all profiting from the switch, he abandoned MacArthur at the last minute. For a time, MacArthur had no more loyal friend. There are scenes that Hunt can remember with satisfaction. When Dallas newsmen arrived at Joe McCarthy's hotel suite in early April, 1952, they found the Senator, without coat or tie, playing a hot game of gin rummy with Hunt. McCarthy hurriedly dressed and allowed photographers to take a picture of Hunt pinning a MacArthur-for-



President button on him. But by October the Mac-button-pinning was over for Hunt, and although the General's name would be on the Texas ballot as nominee of the Christian Nationalist and Constitutional parties, Hunt announced he would vote for Ike.

In this instance, it was probably the politically wise thing to do; at the same time it points up one of Hunt's ingrained weaknesses as a political amateur: he insists on betting on a sure thing, insists that politics provide him with what the gaming table will not. Hunt concedes, "I never have contributed anything to a candidate unless I thought he had an awfully good chance of winning," and many politicians who thought Hunt was their friend have found out how true this statement really is. When Texas' favorite demagogue, W. Lee (Pass the biscuits, Pappy) O'Daniel, wanted to make a political comeback, Hunt, who had visited in O'Daniel's home many times and entertained O'Daniel in his, sent word that he "wouldn't put money down a dry hole."

If Hunt was disappointed in Eisenhower, the feeling was mutual. At the peak of the first campaign, Eisenhower's political field marshals worked up an hour-long television program which they thought was good enough to make the election a certainty. All they needed was another $300,000 for nation-wide channel time. Someone thought of Hunt, who was promptly flown to New York for a sneak preview. Hunt was impressed. "It's great," he said. "It's just what we need to win. I'll back you up to $5,000."

It was a typical Hunt gesture, but his tight-fisted attitude toward politics is something many politicians refuse to believe. Even the liberal Texas Senator, Ralph Yarborough, who has been bucking big-oil money his whole career, has said: "I've never heard of Hunt giving more than $250 to $500 to a particular candidate, but he *must* be spreading it around. He must have a front man he spreads his money through. A man with that kind of bank roll is bound to have."

But he doesn't. Hunt has given as much as $38,000 to the national Republican *Party* in a single campaign year (1956), but this is not considered exactly a windfall from a man who earns a reputed $200,000 a day and can shrug off a $49,000 fine for running illegal oil. Certainly a party gift of that amount gives an individual candidate no grounds for anticipating a contribution. Only rarely — as in backing Smathers over Pepper, or Goldwater over McFarland in Goldwater's first Senate campaign—has Hunt allowed preference to overcome an innate niggardliness.

Stuart Long, a political writer who has been around Texas so long he can remember the state's last liberal governor, gives the reason: "He's not interested in state politics much. State politics can't help his oil, except rarely. And he won't put much money in national politics to help a candidate head-on. That kind of money he has to pay taxes on. He'd rather spend his political money supporting something like Life Line which he can write off for taxes. . . . That's the way Hunt likes to spend his political money — helping himself while Uncle Sam picks up the check."

The back-room professionals know this and treat Hunt accordingly. At the 1960 Democratic national convention in Los Angeles, a close friend of then Texas Governor Price Daniel who was sharing a suite with the governor, recalls: "I saw old Hunt wandering down the hall, looking like a lost soul. He wandered into Lyndon Johnson's suite, which was right next to ours, and tried to get somebody to talk to him. There were a lot of people in there but they were all too busy to talk to Hunt, so he wandered on down the hall and talked with me. And I thought, 'Here's this poor ol' boy with two billion bucks in his pocket and he can't get anybody to talk to but me.'"

Hunt remembers his role quite differently: "I personally intervened to get Lyndon to take the Vice Presidency." And did Johnson acknowledge Hunt's influence? Hunt fidgeted with papers on his desk. "I don't know. Lyndon's not the kind to say one way or the other."

Johnson might have preferred Hunt to keep his support, moral or (less likely) financial, far away. As it was, Hunt had—with all good intentions, of course—already done more than any one man to damage Johnson's preliminary campaign for the nomination.

God and Taxes

One of the living monuments of Dallas-style culture is the Reverend Dr. W. A. Criswell, pastor of the First Baptist Church. It is the largest Baptist church in the world, having 18,500 members (one of whom is the Rev. Billy Graham), and a $1.5 million budget. By his own description, Criswell is a "pulpit pounder" of the old school. He is handsome, forceful; a real orator.

Now if there is anything Hunt has a weakness for, it is oratory. He likes Criswell's style. He also likes Criswell's politics. "I am a conservative in theology, a conservative in sociology, a conservative in politics, and you can tell it from my sermons," Criswell says. "If I had a liberal hair in my head, I would pluck it out." (Although Hunt has claimed, "I haven't a conservative hair in my head," he means that all his hairs are "Constructive." The two men's scalps are much alike.)

About seven years ago, Hunt began dropping in on Criswell's Sunday service. Four years ago, Hunt brought his new wife and his second family of four children to Criswell's church, and all six of them were baptized en masse. The two leaders of the Right became confidants. Criswell sometimes mailed out printed copies of Life Line to his parishioners, and Hunt on occasion sent Criswell's sermons to other ministers.

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Not long before the 1960 Democratic Presidential convention Criswell mounted his pulpit and sounded an alarm against the threat of Romanism in politics that was heard round the country: "The election of a Catholic as President would mean the end of religious liberty in America." Kennedy had gone on record as favoring a review of the oil industry's tax benefits, including the depletion allowance. A "review" could only mean a lessening of benefits. The Reverend Criswell's message sounded useful indeed to Hunt.

Laymen do not always understand just why oil men feel so passionately about depletion allowances. It is very simple. By choosing the right allowance (there are more than one kind) and by deftly manipulating such things as foreign tax credits, oil companies pay much reduced taxes, and some of them manage to pay no income tax at all.

When Hunt talks of his country's troubles, he does not always sound funereal. But when he discusses the oil-depletion allowance, and possible legislative threats to it, his face takes on the stricken blankness of one who has just heard the last trump. "I am in favor of depletion allowances for all natural resources," he said recently, "but without the depletion allowance for oil we are utterly ruined."

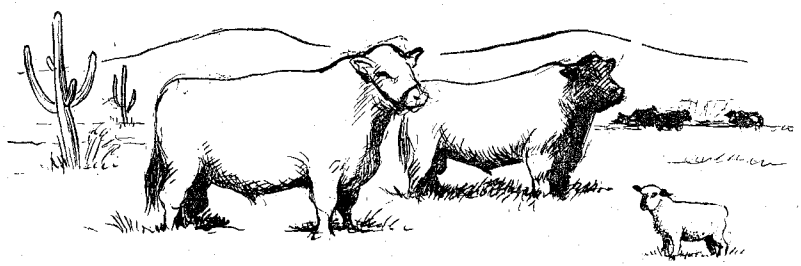
That's why Hunt promptly had 200,000 reprints of Criswell's sermon printed and mailed out, after which he sat back to watch a wave of aroused Protestantism wash Kennedy out of the running. Instead, the wave was one of indignation from editorial writers and the general public at this artificial injection of hysteria into American politics.

The Senate took an even sterner approach. The Criswell flier did not name its source and there is a federal law against distributing this kind of anonymous circular after a campaign is officially under way. In Dallas, the perpetrators panicked. Hunt ducked out entirely and could not be found. Criswell denied that Hunt had paid for the leaflets, but Ralph B. Raughley, a partner in a Great Neck, L.I., printing firm, told a Senate subcommittee that an employee of Hunt's had paid $10,008 for the printing and mailing of the sermon to Protestant ministers.

Fortunately for Hunt, Raughley also swore that the order had been placed before the Democratic convention closed in Los Angeles. Thus Hunt was legally, if not morally, in the clear. But newspapers continued to hoot into the darkness of Hunt's retreat. One Texas editorial writer trumpeted, "Come out, Big Daddy, Wherever You Are," and eventually Hunt did just that. He hadn't been hiding, he said; he had been writing a book. Yes, he admitted, he had paid for the leaflet, but he did it only to help Lyndon. Poor Lyndon.

The New York Times called the Hunt-Criswell leaflet one of the most widely circulated pieces of campaign literature of 1960, so the damage was irretrievably done. But that was the last heard from Hunt until four days before the election, when he endorsed the Kennedy-Johnson ticket. By this time the very mention of Hunt was considered politically leprous, and Henry Jackson, national Democratic chairman, quickly called a press conference to repudiate Hunt's endorsement and financial support. In fact, Hunt hadn't offered any financial support, but Jackson repudiated it anyway, just to be safe.

Only once more did Hunt the king maker dream dreams. In 1961, he told friends that General Edwin Walker would make the ideal candidate for governor of Texas on the Republican ticket. And having won that office, Walker would be the perfect compromise GOP candidate for President in 1964. It might have been a practical venture, though who can say? Walker ran as a Democrat, and he ran last. Hunt's only comment was that Walker "is being very unresponsive."



Since the Kennedy assassination, Hunt has become increasingly sensitive about the fact that he and General Walker are fellow townsmen. The combination is too tempting for writers who profile Dallas to overlook. Walker, almost tonguetied as a speaker, gets his messages across with a kind of patriotic semaphore, using United States flags. He has five of them in front of his home. When Dallasites spat on Ambassador Adlai Stevenson, and the city of Dallas officially apologized for the spittal, Walker cried shame for the retreat by flying his flags upside down. Then came the assassination. Sue Reinhert, staff writer for the New York *Herald Tribune*, did no more than mention that "Two of the country's leading Right-Wing advocates live in Dallas: former Maj. Gen. Edwin A. Walker and oil millionaire H. L. Hunt." But it was enough to goad Hunt into writing a singularly frank letter to the editor: "I do not feel that you should be attempting to smear General Edwin Walker with me, or me with General Walker." On other occasions Hunt has indicated sadly that he knows his name is sometimes used as "a smear word" in politics. Just before James Dobbs, who temporarily retired from the Life Line staff to run for Congress in Texas, was defeated by a two-to-one vote, Hunt acknowledged that Dobbs might be carrying rather heavy weight in the race because of his Life Line-Hunt relationship. Significantly, Dobbs was within 2,000 votes of leading in the primary, but then came the assassination and he lost the run-off by more than 14,000 votes.

Failing as a campaign pamphleteer, Hunt was meanwhile developing another side of his political writing talents. "Except that I am slow, I am the best writer I know," he says, and he must mean it because he is very free with advice to writers, amateur and professional. William Buckley's philosophy wins Hunt's approval, but as a writer Buckley falls short: "He uses too many big words." Believing that letters to the editor are the most widely read part of the newspaper, Hunt mails out sometimes three and four different letters a day on "public affairs" topics to hundreds of newspapers. Their reception is varied. One Texas editor said, "Hunt earns in

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one hour about $10,000 to $12,000. That's what I earn in a year. He probably spends an hour dictating each letter that comes in here. I like to cut them in half, because that means I'm putting about $5,000 of Hunt money in the wastebasket."

While he was hiding from newsmen after the Criswell uproar, Hunt used the time to complete the paperback political novel *Alpaca* (H. L. Hunt Publishing Co., 50c; H. L. Hunt Publ. Co. is a euphemism for a firm that ordinarily prints telephone books). Many Dallas newsmen are convinced that the hero of *Alpaca* is drawn from Hunt's view of himself: "He had burning convictions but there were few in Alpaca, he told himself, who could agree with him." But who was the prototype for the heroine, Mara, an opera singer? Are there clues in Hunt's life? True, he has always been vaguely interested in music. His teen-age daughters often sing the blessing for supper and they also sang a musical advertisement at Hunt's autograph party at the Cokesbury Book Store in Dallas. Unfortunately, few who were there can now remember more than the two opening lines:

How much is that book in the window?
The one that says all the smart things . . .

to the tune of "How Much Is That Doggie in the Window." On at least one other occasion Hunt evidenced his interest in the musical arts, when he underwrote a student production of *The Barber of Seville* at the Music Hall at the Dallas Fair Grounds. Overwhelmed by this rare generosity on Hunt's part, the cast asked him to say a few words at intermission. He used the time to put in a plug for "Gastro-Majik," passing out samples to the audience.

Alpaca is best remembered, not for its love story, however, but for the "model constitution" around which Hunt wrapped the story—a constitution that gives each person a quota of votes based primarily on how much he pays in taxes. There are other ways of getting votes under the Hunt plan: if you are old enough to draw retirement pay but refuse to accept it, you get two extra votes; if you are a government worker and refuse to accept more than 50 per cent of your pay, you get one extra vote. On the other hand, anyone receiving welfare or sick pay from the government gets no vote at all.

A book reviewer wrote of the *Alpaca* constitutional plan, "It's a kind of a fascist democracy, if you get what I mean." Hunt, on whom subtleties are sometimes lost, later complimented this reviewer: "You are the only one who really understood what I was getting at."

Hunt is deadly serious about the message of *Alpaca*. Every Congressman has received bundles of the book. So have heads of foreign states and many colleges. One small school in Michigan received 100 copies, unsolicited of course. Still in manuscript is a constitutional program even better than the *Alpaca* plan. Hunt, who is just waiting for "two weeks of free time to finish it," isn't giving away the plot, but some idea can be had from the title: *Yourtopia.*

Neither Fact Nor Forum

That's the personality behind Life Line, a bumptious super-patriot. But among those who have followed Hunt's career most closely there is some suspicion that, whether his appearance of awkward naïveté is natural or unnatural, he is clever enough to use it to hide his immense power as a propagandist.

The power is there. Retrograde social and political opinions, either written by Hunt or business associates or first approved by them before airing, consume more than 30,000 hours of the country's radio time each year. Hunt estimates that Life Line is heard by between 5 million and 6 million "very dedicated" listeners daily, and this is probably no exaggeration.

These programs have advocated the passage or rejection of specific legislation, contrary to Life Line's tax-exemption, and have told only one side of controversial issues—without the stations giving time to the other side—in direct violation of Federal Communications Commission rulings for programs that enjoy an "educational" rating.

Yet it is only during the past year that either the FCC or the Treasury has shown even the mildest interest in reviewing the status of Life Line—a status that has allowed Hunt himself, Hunt Oil Co., Hunt subsidiary oil companies, Hunt's grown children, Gulf Oil Corp., Lone Star Steel Co., Sun Oil Co., Acme Steel Co., the Mercantile National Bank of Dallas, Sears, Roebuck & Co., Standard Oil Co., Standard Oil of Indiana, Triangle Refineries, U. S. Steel Corp., Ohio Oil Co., numerous banks and petroleum drilling companies, as well as individuals such as James Ralph Wood, president of Southwestern Life Insurance Co. of Dallas, and Gen. R. E. Wood, president of Sears, to spend millions of tax-deductible dollars over the past ten years to advocate rank partisanship and pro-business legislation, under the guise of making contributions to a foundation that was originally approved by the Internal Revenue Service as a "nonpartisan, nonprofit organization for adult education."

If the Life Line Foundation is not that, what is it? One thing it is *not* is charitable. In the twelve years of its existence, Hunt's foundation has spent $4.5 million. Of this, only $1,000 was a "charitable contribution," going to the Wadley Blood Center of Dallas in 1957. Hunt does not believe in charities. "What will your charities mean, if freedom is lost?" he asks. Life Line adviser W. R. White, president emeritus of Baylor University in Waco, Tex., once asked Hunt to help his school. Hunt replied, "Life Line needs the money more than Baylor." But White was not unpleased with the response. "He didn't turn me down immediately, and that's better than most college presidents do when they go to Mr. Hunt," he said.

So we come back to the question: If Life Line is not nonpartisan, not nonprofit, not educational, and not charitable, what is it? The answer is subtly threaded through the history of the organization, a history that began in 1952 under the name of Facts Forum, Inc.

The most important legal feature of Facts Forum—a feature passed on to its successor, Life Line Foundation, Inc.—was the underlying duplicity of its creation. It was granted a charter by the state of Texas to organize "small discussion groups devoted to the study of the art of living, social advancement, the science of government, and agriculture," and on both the 1951 and 1952 applications to the Internal Revenue Service for tax-exempt status, Facts Forum was presented as being engaged in "discussion groups, lending libraries and polls."

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Strangely, no mention was made of Facts Forum's most far-reaching endeavor—radio and TV lectures. Nor was there mention of a newspaper which then circulated 60,000 copies and now circulates 40,000 copies.

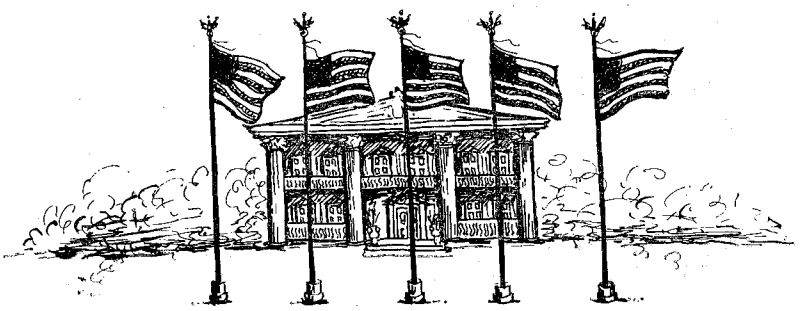
In a covering letter, Robert H. Dedman, one of the directors of Facts Forum, did mention incidentally — deep into page two — that Dan Smoot, Facts Forum coordinator, had a fifteen-minute radio program, but this was plainly meant to be taken as an auxiliary activity, something Smoot did more or less on his own, for under Question 10 of Form 1023, the foundation directors were asked to list *all* activities in which Facts Forum engaged and their response overlooked radio programs.

But the reticence of the Facts Forum founders did not end there. E. I. McLarney, deputy IRS commissioner, demanded that they reveal salaries and names and addresses of all contributors. This information was never given, but Facts Forum won its tax-exemption anyway.

The unwillingness of Life Line's operators to divulge proper information continues today. Although the foundation took in nearly half a million dollars in 1962, the 990-A return it filed with the Internal Revenue Service leaves blank all questions as to salaries paid, gross profit, gain or loss of assets, number of employees or itemized expenditures.

In 1957, when Facts Forum, Inc. became Life Line, Inc.—changing name, locale and staff—the Internal Revenue Service, in its gentlemanly fashion, transferred the tax-exemption to Life Line without prying further into the organization's activities. Since Life Line, contrary to the statement of its charter, holds no discussion groups, has a small and inactive lending library, and conducts no polls, but *does* sponsor a radio show heard over 331 stations and *does* mail out 40,000 copies of a companion propaganda sheet titled "Life Lines," there appears to be little similarity between the organization the IRS thought it was validating for exemption purposes and the organization now benefiting by that exemption.

Yet the Internal Revenue Service hardly seems concerned. After twelve years, it is conducting its



first audit of the foundation's books, although numerous members of both houses of Congress have regularly asked for a tax-status review of Life Line (Facts Forum) since the days when it was the most faithful espouser of pro-McCarthyism on the air waves.

Usually the Internal Revenue Service has not even bothered to acknowledge these requests for review. When response is made, it is given with an air of furtiveness. In 1954, Rep. Wayne Hays was locked in a fierce struggle with Rep. Carroll Reece over the investigation of tax-exempt foundations. Reece was out to get the Rockefeller and Carnegie and Ford Foundations because he had somehow come to believe that "those people" had been responsible for blocking Taft's nomination. And Reece had the collateral idea that if Taft had been elected, he would have been appointed Secretary of State. It was a grudge investigation, and Hays, a minority member of the committee, was fighting to keep Reece at bay.

In this, Facts Forum, Inc., was Hays's best weapon. Every time Reece demanded to see the books of the "liberal" foundations, Hays would demand to see the books of Facts Forum, and thus they stalemated. Hays was under no illusion about his chances to recruit the IRS to his side, for early in the long debate he had petitioned the IRS for a review of the Facts Forum tax status and been told that the Facts Forum records had somehow been misplaced.

Only three days later, however, the counsel for Reece's committee reported that the IRS had made the Facts Forum records available and, sure enough, they showed that the Hunt-sponsored organization truly deserved its tax-exempt benefits.

Hunt took notice of this episode and placed $5,000 to win on a Hays opponent in a subsequent race, but in vain.

Only a few months after Facts Forum was founded, Senator McCarthy came to Dallas and it was then that he first met Hunt, sealing their friendship over gin rummy. Before the year was out, Miss Jean Kerr, who was then Senator McCarthy's assistant and would eventually marry him, went to work for Hunt. Also joining Hunt's staff at this time was Robert E. Lee, a close personal friend of McCarthy (Mrs. Lee would be matron of honor at McCarthy's marriage to Miss Kerr).

Miss Kerr and Lee had worked together before. Lee, an ex-FBI man, had been an investigator for the House Appropriations Committee which came up with the core list of "Communists" around which McCarthy, with the researching help of Miss Kerr, built his historical list of "205." Lee and Miss Kerr also raised funds to defeat Senator Millard Tydings of Maryland, as is recorded in Senate journals.

Now they had come together again, their objective this time being to launch the Facts Forum television shows. Lee moderated the first three of these, and then went on to what was, to Hunt, a much more worthy position. He was appointed, under the sponsorship of McCarthy, to the Federal Communications Commission. The only network experience he had ever had in his life was his brief service on Facts Forum but, as Lee put it to the Senators who were studying his confirmation, "I feel that too much experience can sometimes be a handicap." Apparently the Senators thought so, too, because they ended the hearing without even asking him about his much more extensive experience in compiling lists of subversives.

The committee had raised the question of Lee's possible allegiance to Facts Forum, but Hunt dispelled any such fears by testifying that he did not think Lee was the kind of man who would grant favors and

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that he, Hunt, would certainly never consider asking for favors.

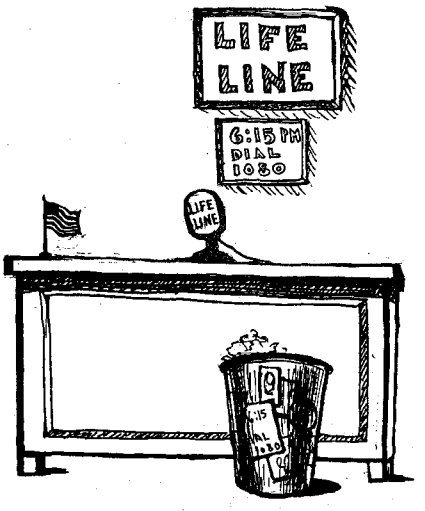
Several months after his confirmation, Lee was back in Dallas, guest in Hunt's home, with Pat Boone being brought in from Hollywood to serenade him. The Hunt girls also serenaded him with the "Alpaca Song." Of Lee, Hunt wrote in an office memo to an employee: "He is a good friend, is a forceful person, so I think this insures that we will not get nipped in the bud by the commission."

In a mood of such confidence, it was a real pleasure for Hunt to gather right thinkers for the task ahead: a board of advisers that included Gen. Robert Wood, chairman of a dinner at which McCarthy tried to link Adlai Stevenson with communism; Gen. A. C. Wedemeyer, later a member of the advisory committee of the John Birch Society; Hollywood actor John Wayne, who campaigned for McCarthy; and Dr. Norman Vincent Peale, who in 1960 was to warn against a Catholic in the White House.

The front man was commentator Dan Smoot, former FBI agent, whose *Dan Smoot Report* has since been given a five-star rating by Robert Welch as just right for putting in doctors' and dentists' waiting rooms.

These were the carefree days. With McCarthy setting the tone and Lee guarding the door, Hunt through Smoot could bear down on the theme that "modern liberalism, communism and fascism are essentially the same." Smoot was the star of the Facts Forum show for four and a half years but eventually fell out with his employer, partly over pay, partly because Smoot was tired of pretending to give both sides of public issues. On the latter point, Hunt agreed. After spending $3.4 million on Facts Forum, the admission must stick in his throat, but Hunt today considers it a failure. "I don't believe Facts Forum did much good. It got a bad reputation by trying to present both sides. Its critics didn't want both sides. They didn't want Bricker and Kefauver on the same program."

Which critics is Hunt speaking of —friendly or unfriendly? Senator Mike Monroney summed up the effort as "neither fact nor forum." Representative Hays damned the show as "giving both sides of one



side" and "no more meriting tax-exemption than the A&P."

The broadcast format of Facts Forum was for Smoot to take a subject, speak for two or three minutes on what he called "the liberal-Socialist" side, and then turn around and give equal time to the conservative view. He did this faithfully, but some liberals protested: it wasn't so much that he was cheating on them; it was what he said during the times that made the program appear weighted in favor of conservatism.

How did they get that impression?

Facts Forum Radio Program Number 89 was on the question: Does the Korean armistice represent a victory for the free world?

Smoot opened with the views of those who say yes:

President Eisenhower expressed the feeling of America when, in announcing the signing of the Korean truce, he said, "Tonight we greet, with prayers of thanksgiving, the official news that an armistice was signed in Korea."

His announcement brought hope and happiness to the hundreds of thousands of American homes and families of the men who are stationed in the battle area.

The fighting and bloodshed have been stopped. The incredible carnage has ceased and the negotiations of the conference table are to begin.

Although only the future can determine the success or failure of the Korean conference, we can rejoice in the knowledge that the first test of collective resistance to aggression has proved that the United Nations, as the agency of collective security for world peace, can succeed. . . .

On he went at this pace for another minute or two, calm, bland, pleasant. Then he turned with a crackle to the position of those who say no:

Government propaganda handouts will try to fob the Korean disaster off as a shining victory over aggression. The versatile claque of phrase-makers will feed us with stories about how our determined stand in Korea wore the Reds down and disrupted their plans for conquest. The magic of words will transform our national tragedy into a success.

But the millions of men and women who make up the great proud body of the nation realize, with pain and wonder, that America, whose power overshadows the world, has lost her first war.

And it wasn't a minor war, or a police action, as Harry Truman liked to call it. It was one of our deadliest ordeals. It cost us over 136,000 human casualties. It cost our faithful allies, the South Koreans, over 2 million corpses.

He counted the corpses meticulously, and paused to deplore the "miraculous opportunity to deliver a death blow to communism in Asia," which our leaders threw away, and spoke with quivering anger of "the will-o'-the-wisp of NATO—another quagmire of frustration and indecision," and closed crying shame for "coercing our friends and appeasing our enemies."

Hunt insists today that this kind of program was criticized mostly for being too liberal.

Hunt and his Facts Forum staff kept striving for balance. But it appeared to be an unobtainable aspiration. In one issue of *Facts Forum News* they printed a list of the nation's leading patriots of that time. Well up on the list was Dr. J. B. Mathews, former counsel to the House Un-American Activities Committee, who once charged that "the largest single group supporting the Communist apparatus in the United States today is composed of Protestant clergyman."

In 1955, Hunt looked around for a suitable young man to receive a college scholarship. Liberal or conservative, he didn't care. But the Facts Forum panel of judges could find no liberal worthy of their $1,200, and wound up giving it to young Paul Crouch, who had written a very revealing piece, "The Untold Oppenheimer Story," for the April issue of their paper.

William Buckley, before he had

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his outlet in the *National Review*, wrote an essay for the *Facts Forum News* entitled "The Liberal Mind," which was, he said, the product of "the swollen and irrepressible stream fed for so many years by the waters of rationalism, positivism, Marxism and utopianism."

Hunt also tried to get more participation from the public. He offered prizes for the best letters-to-the-editor, prizes not only of money but of electric blankets, toasters, ties, books and a whole discount house of other items. The Providence *Journal* made a spot study of these awards, however, and found that in December, 1953, Facts Forum paid $360 for eleven letters —$275 for nine pro-Hunt letters, $75 for one anti-Hunt letter, and $10 for one nonpolitical letter.

Pretense of Balance

No matter how hard Hunt tried, Facts Forum kept coming up conservative. It became too much of a strain, and Hunt closed the show. At the time, one of his associates was quoted: "He just got tired of useless and lost causes. Maybe later he will turn his energies to something else more in line with what he hoped it would be." The "lost cause" was the pretense of balance.

When Facts Forum changed its alliterative skin to reveal Life Line underneath in 1958, however, all pretense was gone. "Life Line," says Hunt today, "is only trying to present one side—the Constructive (conservative) viewpoint. That's in public affairs. It's also a part-time religious program. So it has a double-barreled appeal."

Hunt has consistently felt that the best marksmen with the double-barreled HLH scatter gun are ex-FBI agents and ex-Church of Christ preachers. Smoot, Lee and Gene Scudder, one of Life Line's current commentators, are graduates of the FBI. The most effective moderators, however, have come from the ministry: James Dobbs, an off-and-on commentator for Life Line when he isn't running for Congress and being defeated, and Wayne Poucher, whose only apprenticeship in practical politics was helping Strom Thurmond win a write-in race for the Senate, are both Church of Christ ministers.

One of Hunt's close advisers is Dr. George Benson, president of the Church of Christ college in Searcy, Ark. Dr. Barrett Batsell Baxter, head of the Bible department at a Church of Christ school in Nashville, was on the Life Line board of directors and advisory board. At one point, Hunt tried desperately to get Pat Boone, who sometimes leads the singing at the Church of Christ he attends, to join Life Line's advisory board. Hunt even threatened to use his friendship with Cecil B. De Mille to force Boone into accepting.

Friends of Hunt, including Baylor's Dr. White, and First Baptist's Dr. Criswell, have wondered aloud about Hunt's predilection for the leaders of this arch-fundamentalist denomination, a modern outgrowth of the fervent religious group once known as "Campbellites." One explanation is that both the Campbellites and Hunt think it very difficult to be saved—the Campbellites limit spiritual salvation to members of the sect, and Hunt estimates political salvation at 2 per cent of the population. But Dobbs offers this reason: "The simplicity, the personal responsibility, the nonemotional quality of the Church of Christ all create an affinity of belief with political conservatism."

Hunt would probably not agree with Dobbs on the "nonemotional" part, for Poucher once led Hunt through an emotional experience directed towards his conversion. On one visit to Washington, Hunt spent a couple of days at Poucher's home. He was taken right into the family circle. Poucher recalls:

> *The time came for our family Bible reading and prayer, and I asked if he would like to join us. He said he would, but would be a better observer than a participant. So we brought a chair to the children's bedside. It is our custom to kneel around the bed for our prayers, and as we did he slid off his chair and took his place, kneeling at the bedside. . . . As we stood up to say good night to the children, his face was streaming with his tears. . . . I took him to the hotel and for two hours we talked about him and his soul. I finished by telling him that I wanted to take him to the Church building and baptize him. These were his words through his tears: "Wayne, I want to, but I have been an evil person and I don't feel I can ask God to forgive me until I have lived better for a little longer time."*

Poucher followed up with a barrage of recorded sermons on Conversion, Repentence, Obedience, Baptism and Salvation, but Hunt never came into the church. Still, to the very last of his employment under Hunt, Poucher considered the old billionaire his personal project for conversion, asking a friend: "Has God set me to do the work of carrying the Gospel to those who will encounter the greatest difficulty in reaching Heaven?"

Possibly because he was as certain as Hunt of his rightness, Poucher played an important part in Hunt's life and in the shaping of Life Line, always keeping a Calvinistic edge on Hunt's blunt political theories, sometimes even intruding a note of ethics into its overwhelming commercialism. When Hunt insisted that "the battle for Freedom is a battle between Communism and the Profit Motive System," Poucher came back with the harsh reminder that "your life expectancy on this earth is almost used up" so [you] had better believe "the battle for freedom is not a battle between free enterprise, the profit motive system, democracy, or whatever name we might call it—and communism—but it is a battle between good, which is God, and evil, which is Satan, for the hearts and minds of men."

But for every piece of advice Poucher unloaded on Hunt, Hunt unloaded six on Poucher. When Poucher spoke out on Life Line against "hate groups," Hunt counseled him to slow down.

"'Hate' publications and 'hate' groups are difficult to define," said Hunt. "It is completely inadvisable that Life Line string along with a white-supremacy group, but Life Line would not want to declare war on them or espouse the opposition to a white-supremacy group. Life Line is not anti-Semitic, but inasmuch as there will be practically no Jews who fail to fight Life Line, Life Line is not due to carry the torch for them."

Later, trying to educate Poucher to pretense, Hunt suggested he praise a well-known Jew because then "Life Line would be given the credit of extolling and memorializing a Jew." And still later, Hunt sent him an editorial from Gerald L. K. Smith's *Cross and Flag*, with the memo, "Regardless of what one may think of Gerald L. K. Smith, he

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may be doing more good than any other person in the present fight against Communism. . . . He has been listing the Kennedy appointees in the most revealing light of all publications."

Sometimes Hunt's suggestions so stunned Poucher that he could think of no reply. Early in their relationship Hunt came up with the idea that they should write a script to show, "delicately," how rich people are turned into Communists through the conspiracy of providing them with Socialist nurses, Socialist playmates, and finally "through conspiracy planned marriages and, for those not available for marriage, lovers." Having found a Communist in, rather than under, the beds of the wealthy, Hunt accounts for the last stage of man by reminding Poucher to put into the script that Socialists also "will not overlook the proper approach to win the senile" rich.

The Memo Barrage

Poucher's basic conflict with Hunt was nowhere more pronounced than in the area of how to raise money for Life Line. Noting that "the Bible is the bestseller, so somebody must be buying Bibles," the nostrum and grocery merchant decided to cut off a corner of still another market by offering a Bible, autographed by Poucher and with a Life Line broadcast schedule printed on the inside of the cover, "which we could sell delivered at twice the amount of the cost and delivery." Poucher put his foot down, protesting that the Hunt Bible wasn't worth more than half the $10 price tag. Buyers would be tricked, he said, for "the material which comes with the Bible will lead some to believe it is bound in leather. Of course it is not."

Successfully fighting off Hunt's suggestion that he ask for prayer offerings, Poucher warned that "the phrase 'prayer support' has become synonymous with every religious racketeer on the air." But Poucher had no sooner scotched that scheme than Hunt shot back a memo suggesting they manufacture Life Line bumper stickers for 5c each and sell them at two for a quarter.

Looking back to his stay with Hunt, Poucher summarizes it as "a running battle" against heavy odds. What chance, after all, did Poucher have? Hunt, who ironically insists, "I have a horror of running other people's lives," would sit in his Mercantile Bank citadel behind a solid phalanx of secretaries and fire memos at Poucher — four, five, sometimes six a day — like a skilled medieval bowman defending his castle from the ramparts.

They came flying in on every subject — how Poucher could improve his diction, how improve the show, how raise money, what to say and about whom:

Sometimes I thought it objectionable when you announced a "prayer to grant wisdom to those who are ruling the world." My reaction was that they were not deserving and also the prayer would be to no avail. . . .

Stop jazzing up the hymns. . . .

Senator Eastland will find prominent local rightsiders and give a luncheon for organizing a Washington committee (for the support of Life Line). . . .

What Goldwater states in his article in the Saturday Evening Post *could be used for script, ascribing to him or not. . . .*

Mr. Moseley is a very big man in the oil business. He should be courted extensively. . . .

Don't quote [Norman Vincent] Peale by name as he appears to be on the wrong side of the fence about three-fourths of the time. . . .

Suggest disclosing that there is a practically unrecognized pressure group which is the most evil of all — the big, pink money group — Mistaken Wall Street. The lesser evil minority groups such as union labor, negroes and racial groups do not need to be named. . . .

As great a fraud as social security is, and as evil at it is, I suppose 80 per cent of the people are for social security. It would be suicidal for Life Line to attempt to carry out a campaign against it. . . .

I hope that you will start a program directed at the gin rummy players, the chess players, checker players, golf players, tennis players, etc. You simply tell them about a more interesting game, "Matching wits with the Mistaken. . . ."

Five per cent of preachers in the country are dedicated Communists.

I am dubious about your quoting Billy Graham. On the other hand it may be good. I am sure that he will be trying to cut your throat, and if you have made a favorable quote mentioning his name he may be then branded as an ingrate. . . .

I simply cannot get the saphead purchasers of time to use the commercials, except the Hunt companies and one or two isolated cases. They are afraid of losing their respectability, I guess. If the sponsors will not begin advertising with the program, we are crippled. . . .

You may make a place for yourself in history alongside Washington, Lincoln, Lee and the greatest of all other Americans. . . .

Bruce Alger introduced a Life Line script in the Congressional Record. *It would be better to use Senators for this and as liberal as possible. I am sure Ellender would put stuff in the* Record *and possibly Russell Long would. . . .*

Please do not approach political action by talking about anyone voting! Should the listeners of Life Line become educated and aroused in a two-year period, they can be depended on to vote and vote right without hazarding our situation by talking to them about it. . . .

I was struck that you went pretty strong when you urged your listeners to support "their minister, their priest and their rabbi." I think it would fit better should you admonish them to support and cooperate with the "spiritual advisers in their church. . . ."

We must try to get on a station covering every sizable college in the United States. . . .

It is not good to talk about "Dallas" too much.

While Poucher was trying to absorb all this tactical advice, Hunt was sending more strategic advice to Booth Mooney, a former member of Senator Lyndon Johnson's staff who had turned Washington writer for Life Line. Typical was a "schedule" of topics to be discussed and the number of days to elapse between discussions. Most attention was to be given foreign aid, United Nations, taxes, the State Department, the Supreme Court, urban renewal, immigration laws and unions.

Still, Hunt didn't trust his Washington staff to get the job done. He went hunting scripts elsewhere: scripts on the debt limit from Senator Byrd, scripts on saving the oil-depletion allowance from his own lawyers, a specialty script, "Profit Motive in the New Testament," from his right-hand adviser Sidney Latham, scripts in general from Frank Howley, vice president of New York University, scripts on labor racketeering from Senator John L. Mc-

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Clellan, scripts on conservatism from Clarence Manion, John Birch Society national council member.

But Hunt's solicitation of Senator Karl Mundt is most revealing in this regard. Officers of the Life Line Foundation have steadfastly insisted that no effort is made on their broadcasts to influence legislation, for they know that one of the basic rules for foundations wishing to preserve their tax-exempt status is that they keep out of the legislative process. Again and again, Hunt counseled Poucher to avoid "recommending legislation," to call instead for "reform." In his "Dear Karl" letter to Mundt, however, he is more brazenly to the point. The legislation Hunt wanted passed (to be introduced by Mundt) would change the structure of the electoral college.

Hunt writes: "It will take you all of ten or twelve minutes to dictate script for a seven-minute commentary. Four and one-third pages typed, double-spaced script fits a seven-minute spot. If you will do this you will indeed throw out the Life Line and Life Line will get the electoral college broadcast under way. They will also need an additional script on the subject about every eight or ten days *until it becomes the law. This is the advantage of Life Line.*" (Emphasis supplied by Hunt.)

Using that statement as touchstone, the fundamental question of whether the Life Line Foundation has been concerned in a substantial way with propaganda or legislation — either of which would be disqualifying for tax-exemption — could be answered with little effort by the Internal Revenue Service.

Hunt Passes the Plate

If the Internal Revenue Service should ever decide to put out that little effort, it will come upon several other interesting questions. For instance, between 1953 and 1956, Placid Oil Co. (a Hunt corporation) of Shreveport, La., spent more than $23,000 on "subscriptions" to *Facts Forum News*. Did the company have 11,500 names specifically in mind or did it mean for the money to go into a general subscription fund? In either case, if Placid put this down as a tax-deductible "business expense," the IRS might inquire as to how a company uses propaganda leaflets to explore for and sell oil.

Similar questions could be asked of the $5,000 spent in one year on "subscriptions" by the New Seven Falls Co. of Colorado Springs and the $33,000 spent that way by the First National Bank of Dallas in two years. (It *is* known that the First National specified as recipients several hundred Church of Christ and Baptist ministers in the Dallas area. That's "bank business"?) And these are considerably topped by the $100,000 "subscription" contribution put up by H. L. Hunt himself in one year alone.

Something is fishy. If one ignores subscriptions from individuals, and adds up only the company subscription purchases for 1955, it's enough to sponsor a circulation of 90,000 — which is 50 per cent more than Facts Forum ever claimed to circulate!

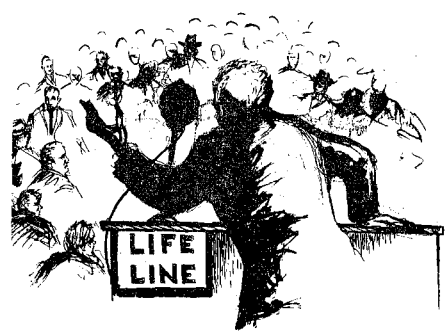
As the files of the Internal Revenue Service will reveal, 114 such big-money backers contributed more than a quarter of a million dollars to Life Line and Facts Forum in this way. The IRS has not yet received — and apparently has not yet demanded — a full accounting of how this money was spent.

It would not be nice to suggest that Hunt ever obtained tribute money from his suppliers in the oil business. But when one finds in the list of donors of either straight cash or subscription money so many companies that sell oil field equipment, service and piping — Baker Oil and Tool Co., Harry Bass Drilling Co., Blanton Drilling Co., Brinkerhood Drilling Co., Continental Supply Co. ($35,000), Empire Drilling Co., Hudson Engineering Corp., Mid-Continent Supply Co., National Geophysical Co., United Tool Co., to name but a few — one is forced to conclude at least that Hunt's kind of patriotism makes a special appeal to people associated with the petroleum business.

Representative Wright Patman's 1963 study of tax-exempt foundations notes that one of the preferred methods for confusing the already confused examiners as to the use of funds is for the foundations to give money to one another. Hunt's foundation has also benefited from this kind of interlocking charity.

Bright Star Foundation of Dallas, which won a tax-exempt status only after taking its case to court, was set up with oil money and chartered to do oil business. It was also chartered as a "charitable and educational" organization. By a rather threadbare coincidence, it has made its most generous grants to date to Life Line Foundation, Inc. The First National Bank of Dallas has lent heavily to Bright Star; the First National Bank of Dallas is a faithful sponsor of Life Line ($33,000 in three years for "subscriptions" alone); and Robert H. Stewart, III, a director of Bright Star, is also president of the First National Bank. With such cooperation, Life Line could lose its tax-exempt status without peril; donors could go right on giving to it in a tax-exempt way through the charitable activities of Bright Star.

When Poucher left Life Line in a huff last year, he broadly hinted that there were all sorts of things about the foundation that might interest the revenue people. Poucher's suspicions had first been aroused by something he found out about the organization's postal permit.



In 1959, Life Line Foundation, Inc., caused an application to be filed with the Post Office for a second-class mailing permit of the kind commonly granted to "exempt" organizations. Why the application was not obtained in a straightforward way, as it doubtless could have been, has never been explained. Instead, the application stated that *Life Lines*, the newspaper, was sponsored by a Baptist church in Miami, Fla., and a Methodist church in Trout, La. The permit was quickly granted and became worth an estimated $20,000 (minimum) a year to Life Line, Inc.

Then doubts began fermenting. Private individuals asked the Post Office to look behind the application, but up through 1962 it stoutly refused to do so. Then Poucher

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found out that one of the "sponsoring" churches did not exist and that the other, if it existed, did not answer its mail. He told the Life Line board of directors he wanted no part of such a setup, but before he could quit on that count, Congressional insistence made the Post Office investigate and the second-class permit was canceled.

Then Poucher began looking into the organization's financial records more closely. He discovered that HLH businesses advertising with Life Line were not paying the same rate of fees as were paid by local advertisers around the nation. In fact, he found that HLH companies were not paying any fees at all on some stations.

A private research group in Washington, after studying Life Line's reported income from the sale of tapes and from talent fees, has estimated that Life Line sponsors are paying only from one-half to one-fifth as much for their advertising as are backers of other radio shows. The significance of this bargain radio time is that most of the sponsors of Life Line are Hunt food companies. By Hunt's own account, HLH food and drugs have spent up to $100,000 a month in supporting Life Line. Although Hunt insists that there are hundreds of other Life Line advertisers, anyone who has followed the program knows his HLH foods carry the major financial load. Even if the Hunt enterprises pay the radio stations full rate for their time, but *not* Life Line, Inc., its appropriate talent fees, as Poucher charges, then obviously HLH foods use the staff, resources and talent of Life Line at a tax-free rate to promote and advertise their products.

The IRS and the FCC may be baffled by the complexity of this reasoning, but Hunt himself does not share their puzzlement. He candidly views Life Line and HLH Products as one and the same venture. Asked recently how much he had spent on Life Line in the last five years, he said, "It probably hasn't cost anything. As advertising, it's paid for itself." Advertising, that is, for HLH Products. It fits in with Hunt's philosophy: "Patriotism is always profitable."

Hunt's friend, the Reverend Criswell, sees the food and drug gambit in a different light. "He's picking up the $100,000 a month tab on Life Line in the name of his food companies, I know that," said Criswell. "But he's building up the goods to give a front of legality to the program. Mr. Hunt is no groceryman." Criswell wistfully added, "I'd give my soul if I could get Mr. Hunt interested in something else."

Dan Smoot has estimated that Facts Forum had received for nothing $5 million worth of "public service" time on radio and television. How much has Life Line received? Senator Warren Magnusen asked Newton Minow, then chairman of the FCC and Minow answered that he didn't know and couldn't find out without polling 4,500 stations. This was a clever, diversionary tactic, but the truth is that Minow would have had to poll only 331 stations — the number that broadcast Life Line.

"Public service" time, of course, carries no commercials, but in a way it is still advertising, because Hunt has so identified Life Line with HLH Products that now, for many people, to hear one is to think of the other, just as there was a time when to hear the Hit Parade was to think of Lucky Strike or to hear Ma Perkins was to think of Oxydol.

However, the FCC has shown itself just as reluctant to interfere with Hunt's opinion outlet as has the IRS. Supposedly, the FCC enforces a "fairness doctrine," which requires radio stations that present opinions on one side of a controversy to make time also for opinions on the other side.

But radio stations WKUL of Cullman, Ala., and WARF of Jasper, Ala., carried a Life Line program that was highly critical of the nuclear test-ban treaty. The chairman of the Citizens Committee for a Nuclear Test Ban Treaty demanded equal time, and the stations appealed to Ben F. Waple, secretary of the FCC, for a ruling. What they got was most reassuring: "If it is your good faith judgment," Waple said, that the public does not need to hear the pro-test treaty tape, "then your obligation pursuant to the 'fairness doctrine' has been met."

Behind the maze of financial patronage and broadcast practice lies still the question of Life Line's tax-exempt status as an "education" program. The Nashville school board answered the question to its own satisfaction last year when it unanimously rejected the request to put the tabloid *Life Lines* in their schools.

Surprisingly, some within the inner circle are in agreement. Life Line adviser White says quite openly: "I think they (Life Line) try to put out the right kind of propaganda for a particular point of view." Propaganda was also what Angelo Santos, an agent for the Baltimore Internal Revenue office, called it. After studying all the radio transcripts for a year in detail, Santos ruled that Life Line is no "educational organization" but a propaganda mill churning out "unsupported opinion."

On the basis of Santos' report, the Baltimore office recommended that Life Line be dumped from the list of tax-exempt foundations. As yet this recommendation has not been carried out, and even if it is, Hunt can make several long-term appeals, taking his case eventually to court. Of his victory there Hunt feels confident because, as he is fond of saying, "I've been in court 280 times and never lost a case."

Which means that Hunt will probably be throwing out the Life Line for some time. For many who listen in, this will mean a source of weird and unintentional humor — as when one Life Line commentator solemnly avowed that the founding fathers would have turned down the idea of urban renewal.

But for millions of others, who believe they are listening to an educational program, the message must often be fearfully disquieting. Representative Hays believes Life Line "is so well disguised that a person who just listens casually might take it as gospel."

What reaction toward his government and its officials must such a person get who hears the gospel proclaim: "We can never afford to forget the nature of the opposition — entrenched in power, dedicated to their own twisted doctrine, experienced in reaching and subtly shaping public opinion, and given confidence by thirty years of almost unbroken success. Freedom can win over such adversaries only through a clear understanding of the issues—of truth and falsehood, right and wrong. . . ."

What must the casual listener

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think today when he is told, "The Mistaken propagandists say they are against 'extremism,' but that is not really true. They are just against 'extreme patriotism' or 'extreme pro-Americanism' — and to them any patriotism is extreme and any degree of pro-Americanism is extreme."

Or what must the casual listener think of his government's efforts to come to grips with unemployment when he is told it is all in vain and that there is only one way, sacred in its simplicity: "If we all obeyed the divine command to be truthful and not to covet and steal, the problem of unemployment would be greatly mitigated or altogether solved."

Hunt — who has said the last decent President was Calvin Coolidge and that the Executive branch has been going downhill ever since — indignantly denies that the patriotism of Life Line could in any way help create an atmosphere of confusion or one congenial to violence. "If the Constitution of the United States could incite to assassination," he said, looking out his office window and across the prosperous towers of Dallas, "then Life Line could incite it."

Hunt the loner is no longer alone. Sharing the adversity of embarrassment, the rightists of Dallas, joined by their friends across the nation, are closing ranks. Peter O'Donnell, the Dallas spark plug of the Goldwater campaign in Texas, has told many people he knows things about the Kennedy episode too terrible to speak of, which the Johnson Administration is covering up because it would place the blame where it belongs. Clarence Manion says he is in touch with "many friends in Dallas" who assure him that Earl Warren is behind the cover-up and that "when the truth is out, I would not be surprised to find some link with the dope traffic from Red China." He would not explain.

E. M. (Ted) Dealey, publisher of the Dallas *News*, which greeted Kennedy that day with a full-page ad alluding to treachery in the Administration, now stands shoulder to shoulder with Hunt in denying any part in preparing the tragedy. Perhaps Dealey has forgotten that a few years ago he was quoted in the Corpus Christi *Caller-Times* as calling Hunt a "latent Fascist." And patriot-commentator Dobbs probably speaks for all present and former employees of Life Line when he argues, with the logic of certitude: "No one who listens to Life Line could do such a thing. It [killing Presidents] isn't part of our pro-freedom plan."

Whatever the merits of these arguments, possibly this fellowship's best stratagem under the circumstances was laid down two years ago in one of the old man's memos. It is a stratagem that has kept Facts Forum-Life Line going for more than a decade under the thinnest veneer of public service, one that has kept most of the nation from knowing where the money and the impetus came from. In the words of Mr. H. L. Hunt: "It is not good to talk about Dallas too much."

De Gaulle's World View . . . . . Alexander Werth

Paris

That loudly heralded press conference is over, and the first reaction was that de Gaulle said "nothing new." But if this were really so, why should everybody still be talking about it; why should the French press go on, day after day, speculating on what exactly the President meant about this and that, the while reprinting whole pages of comment from the world press? No doubt the establishment of diplomatic relations with Communist China had already been announced, and there was, therefore, nothing quite so explosive in de Gaulle's recent statement as in his press conference of a year ago, when he suddenly vetoed Britain's entry into the Common Market. Nevertheless, commentators the world over have continued to mull over the words — whether about the future of the French constitution, or about the future of Europe, or about that "sympathy and respect that France and China feel, deep down, for each other."

The French Communists were thrown into great confusion by this Chinese question. *L'Humanité* felt obliged to report that in Moscow de Gaulle's decision to recognize Peking was regarded as being "in the interests of world peace," but editorially it said that, although recognition of China was something the French Communists had demanded ever since 1949, there was no doubt that "for de Gaulle China is, besides France, the only great power not to have subscribed to the test-ban treaty and that, in recognizing China, he wants to prop up his anti-peaceful-coexistence policy."

L'Humanité also charged that de Gaulle was cynically attempting to strengthen his own international position, gambling in this connection on "the divergencies existing between China and other Socialist countries." The Russians, however, do not seem to be much ruffled. On the contrary, the news from Moscow suggests that de Gaulle's proposal for a neutralization of Southeast Asia is very much in the "Moscow" line — much more, indeed, than in the "Peking" line. That this may be so is suggested by the absence of any comment, so far, from Peking on the neutralization aspects of de Gaulle's position.

In the same period, Russian reactions to the latest "palace revolution" in Saigon have been very sharp; General Nguyen Khanh is represented as an American stooge, ready, at Washington's behest, to go to any lengths to wage war against the Viet Cong. *Le Monde* partly confirms this by saying that Khanh "regarded the triumvirate of Generals Minh, Don and Kim not only as halfhearted in its conduct of the war, but also as seriously affected by the evolution of French policy in Asia." It had been expected for some time, says *Le Monde*, that the "neutralist" tendency at Saigon would gain the upper hand, especially since General Minh had recalled from France his friend General Nguyen Van Vy, widely considered as "the Trojan horse of de Gaulle's neutralist policy," and had appointed him Deputy Chief of Staff. Now that the opposite has

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happened, *Le Monde*, while denying that Van Vy was a French agent, still thinks that the "tough" policy represented by Khanh can only prove completely fruitless.

The American reactions to de Gaulle's "neutralist" policy have been carefully watched. One White House spokesman was widely quoted as saying that France had just about as much influence in Southeast Asia as had Luxemburg; on the other hand, much was made of C. L. Sulzberger's comment in *The New York Times:*

> *We don't want an expanded war and we haven't discovered how to win a limited war. . . . We may in the end be forced, begrudgingly, to ponder de Gaulle's unpleasant alternative.*

As so often happens with de Gaulle, he deliberately left one point very vague in his press conference: he talked about the neutralization of Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam, but he was careful not to specify whether he meant the whole of Vietnam, or only South Vietnam. There is little real mystery here, however, for the neutralization of Ho Chi Minh's North Vietnam would obviously be unacceptable to Peking, not to mention the North Vietnamese themselves. I understand that what de Gaulle really had in mind was a compromise with Peking along the following lines: Peking would abandon its demand that the 1954 Geneva Treaty be strictly applied, complete with the withdrawal of all foreign troops and the reunification of the country (which could only mean the extension of the North Vietnam Communist regime to the whole country). As against this, de Gaulle would endorse a *status quo* for North Vietnam, with Peking and Hanoi recognizing the neutrality of South Vietnam. This is precisely what President Johnson is firmly rejecting when he raises the question of "neutralizing" both parts of Vietnam, a proposal which, in de Gaulle's view, is unrealistic, since neither Peking nor Hanoi—nor Moscow, for that matter—would accept liquidation of the firmly established "Democratic People's Republic of Vietnam."

The question as to who is being more realistic will ultimately be answered by Peking. The Chinese are much less keen than the Russians on "neutralist" solutions, but de Gaulle's bait may tempt the Chinese, all the same—if only because it would mean the departure of the bulk of Americans from South Vietnam.

Some foreign observers have detected in de Gaulle's Chinese policy a whiff of his old anti-Americanism, as well as a desire to regain in Southeast Asia some of the authority France lost after the fearful fiasco of 1954. There is certainly some truth in this: de Gaulle felt strongly the "shame of Dienbienphu," and his determination to demonstrate the futility of America's war in Vietnam — as futile as France's eight-year war — and to send France back there in her new role as the best friend of the underdeveloped countries is very strong indeed. Characteristic of de Gaulle was the seemingly real enthusiasm with which he spoke of the help France was giving the new African states, help it is now willing to extend to Asia and even to Latin America. But Asia, he argued, could not be stabilized without taking China into consideration. Here, as in the case of both South and North Vietnam, his line went entirely contrary to the American position.

Another enigmatic question is the extent to which the "Paris-Peking" axis is based on the refusal of both France and China to subscribe to the test-ban treaty. No one so far has suggested that the French are going to give the atom bomb to China; but it is curious that the official Gaullist paper, *La Nation*, should link France's atomic tests with the recognition of China, declaring that "the new French installations in the Pacific called for the establishment of official relations with the principal power in that part of the world."

Like some great men in the past, de Gaulle does not think it necessary to be consistent. Three years ago, he called on Russia, as "part of the white race," to join Europe in resisting "the wretched and innumerable yellow multitudes of China." Today, while still distinguishing between Russia "which preserves and maintains" and China "which needs to grow and take" (in other words, between a "have" and a "have not" country), de Gaulle devoted to China one of those purple patches which go straight from his lips to his next anthology. It is now being asked whether de Gaulle was seriously alarmed by the test-ban treaty, in which he saw a perpetuation of a Soviet-Anglo-American nuclear monopoly in the world. *Le Monde* attributes the *rapprochement* with China precisely to de Gaulle's failure to be admitted to the "nuclear club." The new Chinese policy is also attributed by the same commentator to de Gaulle's desire to find "a new field of activity" after his failure to persuade his European partners, especially Erhard of Germany and Moro of Italy,

Macpherson: Toronto Star

Dragon Dance

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to join lines in a United Europe virtually outside the Atlantic Alliance.

All this would suggest that de Gaulle's motives are most questionable—the main one being simply to get France talked about as a major factor in international affairs, after the defeat of 1940 and some twenty years of eclipse. Most English papers tend to the view that de Gaulle genuinely relishes his gratuitous pinpricks—especially in the flanks of America and England—and there is little doubt that these jabs flatter, not only his own national ego, but that of a considerable part of French opinion, and thus strengthen the support given his regime. But this is only one side of the story, for it seems clear that, in the case of Southeast Asia, de Gaulle is convinced that he has a solution, not unlike the solutions he found for the former French empire in Africa, and that the United States has none. What is more, de Gaulle is aware of the enormous prestige he is enjoying in the underdeveloped countries as the apostle of "national independence." In this context, his "anti-Americanism" is an enormous asset, particularly in Latin America. Thus, Castro congratulated Ben Bella on Socialist Algeria's incredible luck to be subsidized by a capitalist country like France—a relationship quite unimaginable in Latin America. The Latin American countries are competing to invite de Gaulle to visit them, and they are moved not entirely by the prospect of cash, but also by what strikes them as the novelty of an approach devoid of bullying condescension.

Another question that presses for answer is what the news conference forecast for relations between France and the USSR. In what way (as the French Communists ask, but the Russians do not), is de Gaulle cashing in on Soviet-Chinese disagreements? So far, the Russians do not seem alarmed; on the contrary, they hope that, with France's help, China will now be admitted to the United Nations, a development which might even help to convert her to a "coexistence" outlook. M. Giscard d'Estaing, the French finance minister, had a reasonably friendly meeting with Mr. Khrushchev in Kiev, and the Soviet request for long-term credits for the purchase of industrial equipment (including chemical equipment) is being favorably considered in Paris. The famous CIA story about Russia's economic mess, which is being carted round all the European capitals by CIA chief, John A. McCone, has had very little impact. Russia did indeed have considerable economic difficulties as a result of last year's drought; and Khrushchev is determined to buy vast quantities of equipment abroad for his "more fertilizers" drive—all of which will make him step warily in international affairs, despite occasional outbursts of bluster and bravado. But, short of another agricultural catastrophe in 1964, there is no evidence that Russia faces economic crisis. Not only have the Russians published detailed figures to disprove the CIA's analysis, but no serious West European economist has, as far as I know, treated it as more than a propaganda device.

De Gaulle talked a lot at his press conference about Europe, but in fact he said very little that was new. His opposition to Britain's entry into the Common Market is unaltered, though some observers found rather striking the relative politeness with which he now alluded to the Brussels commission. In the past he tended to make cracks about these experts, calling them "stateless cosmopolitans." But, of course, it was these experts who at Christmas saved the Common Market by recommending the acceptance of the French "ultimatum" on agriculture. Moreover, de Gaulle now seems inclined to relaunch his idea of political union—though, as noted above, he is meeting with some opposition from the pro-Atlantic elements.

Some day, of course, de Gaulle will die, but I thought there was a note of wishful thinking in one American report from the press conference that he has "terribly aged in the last six months." To me, he still looked in reasonably good shape for a man of seventy-three. Even so, he gave no clear answer to the question whether he would stand for re-election in 1965.

De Gaulle's proposed opponent in the next Presidential election has turned out, after a little mystification in the press, to be M. Gaston Defferre, the Socialist mayor of Marseilles. Defferre, who supported de Gaulle in the constitutional referendum in 1958, and whose vote gave the pro-de Gaulle tendency at the Socialist Congress that year a clear majority, was selected as the Socialist candidate by the Socialist Congress which met at Clichy on February 1 and 2. This approval came as an uneasy compromise between Defferre and Guy Mollet, the secretary-general of the party, the former demanding the maximum freedom of action and the latter the greatest dependence on the Socialist Party. Defferre had also made it fairly clear that he was not opposed to the 1958 constitution which, if strictly applied, could work as a "reasonably democratic" constitution. Mollet argued in favor of a drastic revision of the constitution. In the end, this question of constitutional revision was left in suspense, and Mollet in effect submitted to the will of the Congress' majority. Although Defferre realizes that he would stand very little chance of being elected without the support of the Communists, he was very careful—partly in order not to upset the Molletists—to avoid mention of any eventual "alliances" on which he might want to rely. The Communists, for their part, are extremely dissatisfied with Defferre's failure to talk in "Popular Front" terms, and on the quiet are even accusing him of some sort of crypto-Gaullism.

If the election took place tomorrow, I am certain that de Gaulle would get some 65 or 70 per cent of the votes. But anything might happen in two years' time. The real problem is not who will oppose de Gaulle in the next Presidential election, but who would take de Gaulle's place if he were to die or retire before the election? Is a Gaullist regime conceivable without de Gaulle? Defferre does not imagine for a moment that he could win in a straight fight against de Gaulle, but he might have a chance against de Gaulle's dauphin (M. Michel Debré, perhaps). Even then the Left candidate would, in his own view, have to be careful not to make any hasty promises about pulling down the whole of the Gaullist edifice. Whether the Fifth Republic survives, or is replaced by a Sixth Republic, the majority of French opinion is today, rightly or wrongly, terrified of returning to anything that resembles the Fourth.

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Cuba: Invitation to Reason

CUBA: TRAGEDY IN OUR HEMISPHERE. By Maurice Zeitlin and Robert Scheer. Grove Press. 316 pp. 95c paper.

CHRISTIANITY AND REVOLUTION. By Leslie Dewart. Herder and Herder. 320 pp. $5.50.

CUBA: The Economic and Social Revolution. Edited by Dudley Seers. University of North Carolina Press. 432 pp. $7.50.

James O'Connor

In the recent avalanche of books about Cuba, it is encouraging to read these three studies which challenge the official American view and seek to do the revolution scholarly justice by objective, detailed examination.

Cuba: Tragedy in Our Hemisphere is a chronicle of U.S.A.-Cuban relations during the fateful years, 1959 to 1961, and a skillful rebuttal of the position set forth in the State Department White Paper published shortly before the Cuban invasion of April, 1961, that Fidel Castro deliberately initiated the economic and diplomatic war against the United States. The major theses of the State Department are tumbled like so many bowling pins: that the Cuban Government mounted invasions of other Caribbean nations in 1959; that Castro suppressed a free press in 1960; that the Cuban-Soviet trade agreement of February, 1960, was fundamentally motivated by political instead of economic interests. In particular, the authors argue with careful documentation that the question of "Communists in government" in 1959 was a completely phony issue.

As a sustained polemic against the State Department's warrant for its hostility to the Cuban revolution, the book is praiseworthy. We cannot be reminded too often of the hollowness of our original United States official line toward Cuba. If the United States today promises to support social reform in Latin America, it is well to remember that this country was dead set against Cuba's own reform program. If the United States is ready to place large-scale investment funds at Latin America's disposal, we should recall that Cuba was not offered a penny in 1959. And so forth.

The chief fault of the book lies in the authors' eagerness to credit the State Department for the emergence of Cuban socialism. "If, in Cuba today (mid-1961), the chances for political democracy are slim, if Cuba accepts and imitates Soviet methods uncritically, and comes increasingly under Communist influences, if there now be an end to civil liberties for some time to come, it is a result of our government's policies." Elsewhere the authors hedge somewhat when they write: ". . . infatuation with the Soviet example" was "probably inevitable as a result of American policies."

Actually, what attracted Cuba to the Soviet experience was its proven ability to mobilize resources for rapid economic development. The authors lose their usually sure touch on this particular question because of their superficial analysis of the pre-revolutionary political economy, together with their failure to probe those forces at work within Cuba which produced socialism. They rightly argue that Castro was "prepared to take whatever steps (he) deemed necessary to assure the people a rising material and cultural standard of living," but nowhere do they explain why socialism with central economic planning (instead, for example, of reformed capitalism along the lines of the New Deal or state capitalism à la Peron) was necessary. Until this question receives a satisfactory answer, Theodore Draper and his followers will find a ready audience for their "revolution betrayed" thesis.

Leslie Dewart's generally sympathetic account of the revolution, *Christianity and Revolution,* is in part a critique of the Zeitlins and Scheers who argue that "the explanation of Castro's turn to communism is to be found simply and exclusively in American foreign policy . . ." and partly supplements Zeitlin and Scheer's account of the rationale for this policy. Dewart documents the existence of a free Church press in open opposition to Castro until late in 1960, well after the State Department had convinced the American public that the Cuban Government had stifled all opposition. He agrees with Zeitlin and Scheer that the United States "forced [Cuba] into [an] economic and . . . political alliance with Russia," but adds that Castro adopted the ideology of Marxism-Leninism by his own free choice. Radicalized by domestic and foreign opposition to needed reforms (Dewart also fails to analyze why specifically Socialist measures were appropriate in Cuba), Castro took the path of Marxism-Leninism for two reasons. It eased the task of educating what Dewart calls a "politically illiterate" people, and Castro was compelled to accept an alliance with both the Cuban Communists and the Soviet Union. A Catholic and an idealist, Dewart does not offer the alternative hypothesis that Castro easily and naturally distilled his own experiences during the first three years of the revolution into his own special brand of Marxism-Leninism.

This first section of Dewart's book is poorly documented and leans too heavily on syllogistic reasoning while slighting specific analysis of Cuban economic and political reality. It also suffers from an excessive urbanity; Dewart makes the mortal conflict of interests between revolutionary Cuba and the United States seem almost like a civilized chess game. Thus he attaches too little importance to the political role played in 1959-60 by Americans with major economic interests in Cuba.

The first criticism mentioned above cannot be made of Dewart's analysis of Church-state relations before and after the revolution. In these sections, the book breaks fresh ground although the lessons which the author later draws from the Cuban experience for the "Universal Church" would appear to have significance mainly for Catholics. His analysis of the reactionary stance of key elements in the Cuban Church hierarchy throws needed light on the "suppression" of the Church in 1961 — a development widely misunderstood in the United States. Dewart shows how the logic of the Church's militant and ritualistic anti-communism compelled it to abandon and finally oppose the revolution. With few exceptions, members of the hierarchy neither supported the reforms of 1959-60, nor offered meaningful alternatives to them. As for the role of the Church in the old Cuba, Dewart

James O'Connor, an American economist now teaching at Brooklyn College, has made three trips to Cuba since the revolution. He is presently completing a book on the political economy of Cuba.

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supports Castro's allegations (hurled at the Church in March, 1961) that it failed to condemn the graft, exploitation, profiteering and political murders which flourished under Batista.

It might be said that Dewart does not emphasize sufficiently that the hierarchy's increasing opposition to Castro in 1959 on the grounds of anti-communism was to a large degree a pretext for opposing basic reforms per se. The Communists, after all, did not figure prominently in the revolution until 1960 when they began to share control of the unions. Dewart suggests that the Church was really against agrarian reform (a fact obscured by its anti-communism) when he writes that the circles of politically active Catholics and the *latifundistas* overlapped, but he does not fully develop this theme.

Dewart's book, together with the volume by Zeitlin and Scheer, would have had a sharper focus had the authors stated clearly that the real division in 1959 and 1960 was not between the 26th of July Movement (headed by Castro) and the Communists, but rather between the radical non-Communist and the anti-Communist moderate wing of the July 26th Movement over socialistic reform issues such as the provision in the Agrarian Reform Law encouraging the formation of rural cooperatives. That a handful of revolutionaries in the first camp have defected over the Communist issue should not obscure the fact that the mass of defections have come from the second.

Unlike the first two books, it is not the intention of Dudley Seers and his collaborators to offer a theory of the Cuban revolution. *Cuba: The Economic and Social Revolution* is rather a straightforward analysis of the structural changes in agriculture and industry, together with a tentative assessment of their performance from 1959 to 1962 (written by two Chilean economists), and a detailed account of educational progress in the new Cuba (put together by an English economist). The authors have amassed a great deal of statistical material on the revolution, although the Ministry of Education was apparently the only branch of the government which opened all of its files to them. A full-scale analysis awaits the utilization of the 1963 and 1964 Economic Plans, the 1963 Annual Statistical Yearbook and other key documents which were unavailable to the authors. Meanwhile, this is the best material available in English on the Cuban economy, and, for those who want a microscopic view of the subject, the book is worth buying despite the bad editing, needless repetition and heavy-handed style.

Seers's introduction is the weakest chapter, partly because he takes on the difficult task of surveying the whole economy and partly because he chooses to treat the economy apart from political developments, when in this period the two were closely bound up with each other. Thus, he does not assess the effects of the embargo on the level of production, for example, although this is clearly of central importance. The Chileans fare much better, while the descriptive sections of the chapters on education can only be characterized as definitive. The theme which emerges from the book as a whole is that the structural changes in the Cuban social economy are by and large rational, that the problems confronting Cuban planners are essentially temporary in nature, and that the island has a going economy. It is to the authors' great credit that they took the trouble to document these conclusions, and it is to the credit of the University of North Carolina Press that it published them.

Tree of Images

SELECTED POEMS OF OCTAVIO PAZ: A Bilingual Edition. Translated by Muriel Rukeyser. Indiana University Press. 171 pp. $5.75.

J. M. Cohen

Octavio Paz is one of the world's best living poets. In the twenty-five years represented in his collection of 1960 (from which he and Muriel Rukeyser have made this selection), he has developed from a delicate imagist by way of a moderate surrealism to a visionary who attempts to resolve the eternal opposites: dream and reality, self and beloved or not-self — and, more personal to himself, the Aztec past and the unformed future of his native Mexico. Drawing images from sharply contrasting fields, he counterpoints them, combines them, transmutes them and finally fades them out in the light of pure creation, bringing his poem back to the moment of inspiration in which, to quote the concluding lines of "Hymn among Ruins,"

Intelligence finally takes flesh in form
and the two enemy halves are reconciled —
now the conscience-mirror liquifies
and is a spring again, a fountain of legends:
Man, tree of images,
words that are flowers that are fruit that are deeds.

The poet does not always achieve this complete resolution. One of his later

J. M. Cohen is the translations editor for Penguin books and author of Poetry of This Age *(Grey Arrow, London).*

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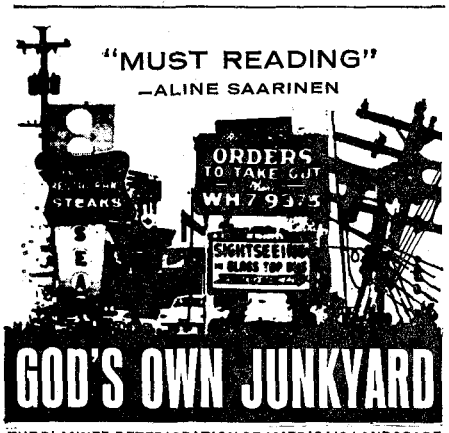

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poems indeed bears the questioning title, "Is there an Exit?"

Octavio Paz's method can be called the "stream of imagery." Poetry is for him "the seed of a singing like a tree," a natural phenomenon that possesses a man like dream or vision, or like the soul itself. For him images take the place of thought and follow thought patterns. He does not surrender to random dream associations. In this, there is some parallel with the Dylan Thomas of "Fern Hill," as in his musical structure there is some resemblance to the Eliot of the "Quartets." But though Eliot has been an influence, Thomas has not, for the "stream of imagery" technique was practiced by Carlos Pellicer, an older Mexican poet, in his richly inventive tropical Odes ten years before Paz started writing. The strength of Paz's poetry lies in its powers of metaphysical evocation; idea becomes palpable, creation appears as a fountain, a "tree of images."

Since this poetry does not rely on rhyme or depend very much on assonance, and since its lines are irregular within a fixed norm, it might seem to offer an easy task to the translator. In fact it does not. Muriel Rukeyser has the advantage of dedication and of a poetic talent (most pronounced in her sequence *Waterlily Fire*) that is akin to her author's. Her difficulties are of interpretation, since Paz's connections are associative rather than logical, and many of his images contain baroque ambiguities. Where his meaning is not clear-cut, he lends himself to a kind of abstract rhetoric in which Latin-root words are rendered by their cognate equivalents and colloquialisms are uneasily matched with English phrases that do not sound quite authentic. Muriel Rukeyser is at her best where Paz gives her some opportunities for lyricism, as in the earlier poems and in the "Interrupted Elegy" with its initial hurdy-gurdy refrain, "Now I remember the dead of my own house." But there are moments also when she renders perfectly Paz's metaphysical flow and complexity, as in this stanza from "Masks of Dawn":

The prisoner of his imagining
weaves and unravels his weaving
sightlessly,
scrapes at his scars, plays games
with the letters of his name,
scatters them,
and then they insist on the same
havoc,
set in the setting of his corroded
name.
He goes from himself toward him-
self, he turns,
in the center of himself he steps
and shouts
Who's there? and the fountain of
his questioning
opens its amazed flower, glistens,
its stalk hisses, it bends its head,
and finally, in its dizziness
collapses,
shattered like the sword against the
wall.

Here fine poetry has found its subtle equivalent. Paz, like Rilke, Pasternak and Montale, is now within the reach of those who cannot read the originals.

Letter from Mexico City

Roslyn Rosen

An Orozco painting hangs on the wall of the extravagant new Hotel Maria Isabel. The green and white head of a fisherman lies on its side in death, a fish net caught between its teeth. In a doorway near the hotel I saw a pregnant prostitute smile secretly. At first everybody looks pregnant in Mexico, especially the middle-class men. The girls hang out around the great monument topped by the golden angel of independence. During the 1957 earthquake the angel fell. Some say the patriotic prostitutes rushed out to save the beloved pieces. Others say they flocked because they thought the gold was real.

In the hotel you walk past the Orozco on thick red carpets up broad stairs. An enormous expanse of glass discloses a fountain several stories high that plays over colored lights by night and goes off by day. It reminded me of the fountain in the film *Mon Oncle* that was turned on when visitors came. But Mexico — or Cesare Balsa, the hotel king — doesn't mind if you look down into the big square hole in the morning to see the machinery of magic. As the novelist Carlos Fuentes said, "The up and coming bourgeoisie doesn't give a damn what you see, what you say about them. They are on the rise and that's all they care about."

A ride around the Jardines de Pedregal would convince anyone that they had already risen. Gorgeous modern homes of charcoal and white lava stone compete with one another. Fantastic rock gardens can be seen through iron gates. In the Colonia Polanco, one of many substantial neighborhoods, well-kept old Spanish houses stand next to glass-paned apartment buildings, their stucco already cracking. In empty lots at the edge of the city, dark women wearing their hair in braids, wash clothes in pails at faucets placed at intervals by the government. Behind them you can see the rotten shacks of tin, beaverboard, clay, straw.

Between the extremes rises the remarkable government-built housing. We drove slowly past a new project near the Shrine of Guadalupe which will soon house 150,000 people — with shopping centers, swimming pools, nurseries, a clinic, a theatre, playgrounds with colored corkscrew slides, covered walks where people will pass during the rainy season. Beyond the project pilgrims, most of them women, walk the three miles to the shrine. Some walk on their knees.

The women of Mexico are disturbing. The voices of telephone operators sound small as children's. The wife of a cosmetics manufacturer spoke to me about her servants: "The women are kind and dependable. The men," she shuddered, "are animals."

Mary Bingham Urquidi, a government worker and mother of Victor Urquidi, the South American economist, said, "We have almost as many women doctors here as men. Women are lawyers, deputies, senators. They don't get equal pay in offices, but they do in factories. More then one million former servants are now factory workers. All lower-class women work hard in Mexico." I asked whether it was true that the women were mistreated, and she looked me in the eye, "Yes," she said, "The men are brutes."

Somehow I didn't believe that the men are brutes. I saw men carrying babies, fathers walking with their families in the well-used Chapultepec Park, middle-aged couples and large families complete with papa watching the mechanical figures under the glorious lights of the National Lottery Building on Christmas Eve. But mama is omnipresent. And in Mexican art every other painting is a Madonna.

Robert Cuba Jones, a Quaker who runs the Villa Jones, an International Cultural Center, told me, "There are

Roslyn Rosen has written short stories, lyrics and skits for several Broadway revues, and a three-act play produced at Loyola University.

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more women registered at the universities than men, perhaps because they have less economic pressure. More women than men finish their courses. There is every opportunity for the bright woman to advance, but many do not want to accept the responsibility."

Probably all of these statements are true, for the women of Mexico, like the men, are individuals, as the new painters and writers are discovering. The artists and sculptors call the humanism which they are trying to express *Interiorismo,* or the *Nueva presencia* in art.

"Our novels used to be big and impersonal," said Carlos Fuentes. "Man against nature. Now that Mexicans have found their identity we can proceed to books about human beings."

The architect and muralist, Juan O'Gorman, who did the library of the University of Mexico, is not impressed with the new movement. When my husband and I visited him in his home across the street from the well-guarded establishment of President Lopez Mateos, he said he considered it a completely minor trend based on hate, not love. He associated it with the revolutionary violence in Orozco's work. Nothing I had heard or read indicated that this was so, but I wondered whether admitting that hatred exists was not healthy. Discussing the assassination of President Kennedy, a Mexican spoke of his horror at the "layers of hatred" in the United States. In Latin America they are closer to the surface.

Perhaps because he is a builder, Mr. O'Gorman thinks in an organized fashion. He spoke first of the two streams of art in his country — the art imported from Spain and France, and the true Mexican, the popular art with its houses, toys, pottery, and the little animal images burned on holy days, the weaving, clothes, food. In that tradition he included artists like José Posada, the engraver, Jalisco, José Maria Estrada, the many anonymous painters down to the three great revolutionary artists, Orozco, Rivera and Siqueiros.

"And O'Gorman?" we asked.

He talked about his commitment to organic regional architecture, the "harmony of man with earth," as opposed to the international architecture of Le Corbusier and Mies Van der Rohe.

Remembering the high wall surrounding his home, I asked O"Gorman why so many Mexican homes, even the newest, are still walled in. In the States we seem to be more open and trusting.

"Because the tradition remains. The best people colonized your country, the Huguenots, the Puritans. Here we had the worst, the Cortez gangsters. Do you know that we still have haciendas and serfs? True, more than 50 per cent of the land has been divided, but the government is not ready to change everything. Some land must be kept," he smiled, "to do a little robbing in-between."

A benign acceptance of corruption seems to be universal. Everybody knows that everybody cheats a little. Carlos Fuentes was to say later, also smiling, "Everyone has his right to bite. Read Balzac. Read Samuel Pepys."

Now O'Gorman was saying, "But the government is doing a good job. A pear tree cannot give oranges. The P.R.I. [the government party] holds within its ranks the former revolutionary elements. Management is able to keep the people quiet."

He pointed at us, "Remember the important thing, that within the robbery part goes to the people. The enrichment of the bourgeois class is a necessary process. It's this or Cuba."

We asked about the Left movement.

"What Left? Certainly not Toledano and his twenty-five friends. The Communist Party?" He raised his hands, "The Communist Party is the worst of all reactionaries. Mateos and the government is the only Left."

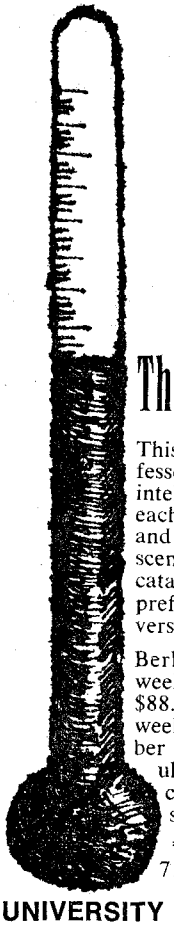
"Like the liberal wing of the Democratic Party?" I asked.

"More like Humphrey. Or Stevenson at one time." He was thoughtful for a moment. "Perhaps a little more like Paul Douglas. At one time.

"Mateos has to defend Mexican investments against foreign investments both as the government and as the representative of his class."

He moved closer to us. He enjoys talking. "You know Cárdenas was only possible because he lived at the time of Roosevelt. The expropriation of Mexican oil was possible because the United States made no opposition. Juarez was possible because he lived at the time of Lincoln. Lincoln was a great friend of Mexico." We saw a gleam in O'Gorman's blue eyes. "We owe a monument to Lincoln."

Since we were speaking of that radical fellow, Lincoln, I ventured to ask about Siqueiros.



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"Siqueiros is a complete sectarian. He is like Don Quixote. He went out to save the people, but every time he talked about the *Caballeros* he went crazy. When Siqueiros talks about politics he goes crazy."

We asked about the poverty, especially in the rural areas. Yes, there is poverty, O'Gorman said, but there is great industrial development too — new discoveries of natural resources, mining in Guadalajara, iron in Monterey, enormous growth in Vera Cruz.

Saying goodby at the gate, he inclined his head and kissed my hand. Personally, O'Gorman is a man of unlimited charm. Politically? Perhaps like Paul Douglas — at one time.

The cab driver who had been waiting for us was awed by our host. On our way to see the university we passed several of the ubiquitous pictures of Diaz Ordaz, the lone candidate of the government party, to succeed the retiring Mateos. In a high tenor the driver spoke about the virtues of Ordaz. We asked whether he thought Siqueiros would be released when Ordaz took office. He laughed. Maybe. Maybe not. Siqueiros makes too much trouble.

We were surprised at the general cynicism about the artist. So-called progressive people told us that Siqueiros talks too much, that he's a complete anarchist, that he's living well in jail. His situation was compared to that of Trotsky's assassin, who had reportedly had meals from the best restaurants sent to him in prison and had lived there in a handsome apartment. We were told that Siqueiros pays a boy a peso to read him poetry as he paints, that he pays someone to do his yard duty. Only one leftist said, "Remember the man is sixty-seven years old. He's been in jail four years because he's incorruptible. His crime was trying to clean up the Communist Party and make it effective." Though there have been a few demonstrations, there is no evidence of unified pressure within the country to free the artist.

Robert Cuba Jones arranged for me to see Dr. Gaston Novello, who is in charge of the *Relaciones Internacionales* of the Social Security department. The new social security building covers about four square blocks on the broad Paseo de la Reforma. The sunlight streams into this busy place. Office workers in shirt sleeves run back and forth. Families with many children wait in line at the information desk. The large elevators are crowded. Dr. Novello speaks little English, so his secretary, Mrs. Urquidi, took me in hand. She told me about the work of the Social Security centers, one in every small or large community in the country, each equipped with its medical facilities, gymnasium, training center. The training program is most impressive. A new tax of 1 per cent has just been placed on all workers for further education.

I noticed that every center has a theatre. Mrs. Urquidi was enthusiastic about the ballets and plays performed by the workers. She had just seen an exciting evening of folk dance by a company of Indian women. I had heard that the professional theatre in Mexico City has no great importance for sophisticates, but that the workers are discovering the medium. The government has just allocated money to reduce the price of theatre tickets and bus fares. Carlos Fuentes had told me that the peasants in proletarian districts went wild about *The Trojan Women* and *Medea*. They could identify with grand tragedy.

"Criticism is easy," said Dr. Novello. "It is the intellectuals' way of life. We do the work."

Undoubtedly these are earnest people. The program of the Social Security is good — free medical care, old-age pensions, continuous education and building. The catch is that its benefits extend only to 5 million people. The great sea of poverty remains. The population is increasing at the rate of 3.5 per cent annually. "Mexico is an octopus," said my leftist informant. "Its head is Mexico City. We have the curse of centralization." Yet here in this great city, near the new factories and office buildings like the forty-four-story Torre Latino Americano, higher than the Empire State — here were the shacks and the "Children of Sanchez."

I sought out Carlos Fuentes because nobody had suggested that I see him. I knew he had been barred from entering the United States to appear on a television program, and that Paris had not been afraid to receive him. His two novels were extremely successful in Mexico. The first, *Where the Air Is Clear*, had been published in the States by Obolensky. Mr. Jones, a pacifist, said he disagreed with Fuentes on the question of violence. I was curious.

The novelist looked anything but violent when I first saw him — a quiet young man sitting reading in a

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quiet garden, next to a swimming pool.

He came in from the garden and we commented on the beauty of his home. Yes, he said with a quick smile, he was definitely part of the middle class, yet isolated from it. Though he smiles affably, I found him reserved. We chatted a while and I asked him, perhaps brusquely because I was not at ease, whether he believed that the lot of the Mexican people could be improved through peaceful means.

"Yes. Absolutely. The back of feudalism has been broken. We have the instrument, a progressive constitution that is not being used."

"But I believe that the state must intervene. It must bridge the gulf between our urban development and our rural backwardness."

He was quiet a moment, "There is real starvation in this country."

I told him I had heard about severe political repression in the rural areas. Was this so? He spoke about the murder of the peasant leader Jaramillo, who had been killed together with his wife and children.

I repeated some of the rumors I had heard about Siqueiros.

"It doesn't matter whether these things are true or not," he said. "The constitution has been flouted. The man should not be in jail."

I felt the pauses as he waited for questions. He was certainly different from Juan O'Gorman. Perhaps he had more reason for caution. We asked how the intellectuals felt about the designation of Ordaz as the presidential candidate.

He gazed at us, "We joke about it —which is, I suppose, our way of not facing it. Actually Lopez Mateos wanted to make a show of democracy."

He tilted his chair back and stared out of the window. "I don't believe this story has ever been printed. Mateos wanted to run two candidates —Diaz Ordaz and Miranda Fonseca— but the labor leaders objected. None of them wanted to be stuck with a losing candidate. They'd be out of power for six years."

He was silent again, then continued, "This is a critical situation, this violation of the constitution."

We asked whether there was any resistance. He shook his head. I said I had heard about the Centro Campesino Independente, a rural peasant organization, and the urban Frente Electoral del Pueblo.

He corrected my prounciation. Yes, he knew about them.

Does the latter include the Communists? I asked.

"Yes, but the Communist Party is up in Mars," he said. "And by the way, Moscow is quite happy with Mexico. So is the United States. It's this or Cuba."

Then how did he account for Mexico's policy of neutrality toward Cuba?

"We have to be neutral, after all Mexico has gone through. And of course the Mexican Government is very grateful for Castro. He maintains U.S. anxiety. He brings in U.S. money." He laughed. "I think that every night all the Latin American governments light a candle to Castro."

I guided the conversation toward the novel and he became animated. He spoke of the new personalization. The future of the novel, he believes, rests with Latin America. "Our novels surge from a need, not a commercial arrangement as in your country."

He admitted that he admires many American writers — Updike, Bellow. Malamud is marvelous. He spoke about an old woman in one of his own stories who kept the skulls of her ancestors under her room and took them out and painted them on holy days.

"You see, we don't have to create an 'absurd.' This woman actually existed."

Here I was, back to the subject of the women of Mexico. I asked about the seeming submissiveness.

"Only on the surface," he said. "This is a matriarchal society. The women are strong, so the men must assert themselves."

I told him about the pregnant prostitute. I had seen another since that first night in Mexico City. I admitted I had been shocked.

He smiled tolerantly, and his tolerance was for me. "Our prostitutes are really warm-hearted. They don't want to be lonely when they have outlived their careers. You know, every prostitute here wears a medal of the Virgin of Guadalupe around her neck."

He was kidding me a little, but still he spoke tenderly, as tenderly as Nelson Algren writes on the subject. Novelists adore prostitutes. "We have a story that just before a girl performs her act she slides her medal to the back of her neck. And if she has a little plaster saint, she tosses a cloth over it."

I wondered if that wasn't Mexico today. Covering her saint, but only during the act. Siqueiros in jail, but comfortably. An Orozco hanging on the wall of the Maria Isabel.

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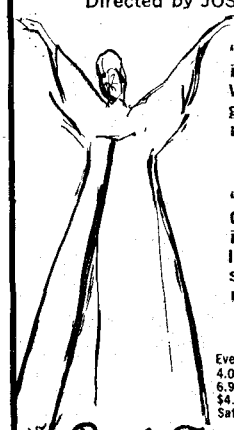

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THEATRE

Harold Clurman

The time has come to speak of architecture or, since we are dealing with New York, of real estate. Such considerations may shock those who think of the theatre as literature but he knows no theatre who only knows its texts. Some playgoers still remember Duse quietly acting Ibsen on the boards of the Metropolitan Opera and similar houses during the 1924 season that killed her.

Rugantino, a "Roman Musical Spectacle," book, lyrics and direction by Garinei and Giovannini, music by Armando Trovaioli, has been highly successful in the city of its origin. It has been brought to Broadway almost intact. The playbill offers a summary of the plot, highlights of the witty dialogue are flashed as titles on a narrow screen lowered from the flies just above the sets.

It is, or might be, a charming affair. There is a typical Roman "wickedness" about it: casual, cynical, blasphemous and acridly gay. It is not a bit boisterous. Its libidinousness takes on an almost humdrum air. Life is viewed with good-humored disrespect: sometimes cruel, frequently dirty, often simply foolish, and almost always a little funny. With some *pasta*, a girl, a draught of wine, a tune, the permission of a curse, living may be suffered with an indulgent shrug and smile.

As I watched the many scenes unfold with a sort of unspectacular colorfulness I was reminded of a warm spring evening when I stood with some Italian friends on a modestly sparkling Roman piazza among clusters of ordinary citizens, all apparently conversing in a relaxed animation. I said to my companion, "How happy these people seem." "They are not happy," I was told, "they are simply accustomed to their misery."

Rugantino, a kind of picaresque tale of Rome in 1830 (there are tinkling political and perhaps anti-clerical overtones), has a subdued cheerfulness which induced in me a nostalgia for those aspects of the Eternal City not yet overwhelmed by its Marshall Plan bluster.

Still, I could not really enjoy the performance. The Mark Hellinger Theatre is too large. Seeing on these premises a basically intimate show whose actors do little more than speak their songs and deliver their lines with "naturalistic" offhandedness is like attempting to drink champagne from a bathtub.

Why was so large a theatre used for a musical which, for all the variety of its settings and the largeness of its cast, is essentially a miniature? The answer has to do on the one hand with economics and on the other with a failure by the American producers to realize the nature of the offering. It is expensive to import so physically elaborate a production and it must cost a lot to operate. Thus, a theatre with a vast seating capacity, which if it does *My Fair Lady* business may gross upwards of $60,000 a week, is rented. But such a theatre mars the quality of *Rugantino*. For it is against the grain of the company's talent to *project*, to put the sound of its music over with a bang—a technique which comes naturally to participants in our musicals. As a result one hears very little of *Rugantino's* spoken text, and the music—agreeable without being particularly fresh — lends the barely audible lyrics little more than a dim accompaniment.

And why, to voice an entirely personal complaint, make matters worse by seating a reviewer at so great a distance from the stage (which in this theatre is only Row N) that he cannot even appreciate the company's feminine assets?

When in 1946 the Israeli Habimah company last played *The Dybbuk* in New York the production was already twenty-four years old. Originally given in Moscow after two years of rehearsal under the direction of Stanislavsky's "disciple," the great Vachtangov, it was one of the most consummately original productions of the era.

The play—written to begin with in Russian—has been translated and performed in virtually every world capital. The Vachtangov-Habimah production (in Hebrew), which I saw for the first time in Paris in 1926, and twice since, left an indelible impression. Though it may still hold some interest for those who have never seen it, it was a mistake after all these years for the Habimah to return to New York with it.

What was once a revolutionary commentary on a remote past, a kind of grotesque ballet of mystic customs and superstitions which were being entombed with hieratic ceremony, has become a misshapen and threadbare imitation of the primary pattern. It now bears the stamp of conventional Jewish theatrics. The Habimah has some splendid actors in its company—how touchingly S. Finkel as the aged rabbi in the last act says "I am old; I am sick"—but they always require the firm hand of a master director.

Vachtangov died in 1922 and his *dybbuk* (or spirit) no longer possesses the play. We shall have to await the presentation of two contemporary works before we make any further comment on the present Habimah season at the Little Theatre.

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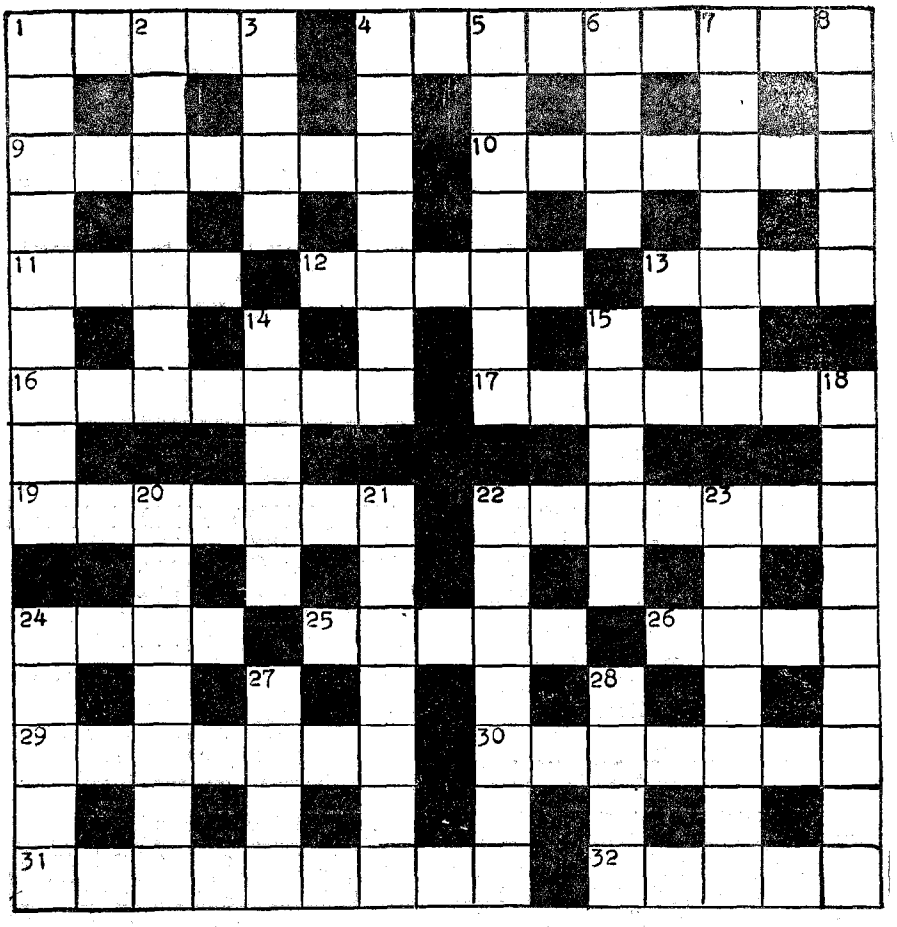
Crossword Puzzle No. 1047

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Drag by chain a treacherous person. (5)
4 Such a religious doctrine seems to criticize the doctrine. (9)
9 No Indian tribe made up so peculiarly could be really bad. (7)
10 Disclose in confidence. (7)
11 and 24 across The bottom of glass dancing slippers might have them. (4, 4)
12 With a following, such a job would imply uncontrollable movement.
13 What's in the tape drive is faithfully reproduced. (4)
16 Next above the royal type, half blue, half white. (7)
17 Slip, due for a change, to an early politician! (7)
19 Give way to force. (7)
22 Descriptive of Kipling's rickshaw.
24 See 11 across
25 Following 1, reputedly low vessels.
26 In retrospect, would this man be green? (4)
29 A rough sort in paper back, perhaps, due to the grain. (7)
30 It should be obvious I'd have something happening around it. (7)
31 Try and see what you can make of it sitting down! (9)
32 Hyperion, for example. (5)

DOWN:

1 Shyness, it seems, is rather complex. (9)
2 The wrong exit in any situation should cause concern. (7)
3 School of rising importance. (4)
4 Seasonal with the sound of a philosopher. (7)
5 If not on one side or another, one might be a real nut! (7)
6 A tramp in the country, usually.
7 As the queen upon a card, in Tennyson's "Aylmer's Field". (7)
8 The demi-monde comes up like 13, when not done badly. (5)
14 Whole scale. (5)
15 and 28 Does where the old armorer worked have a distinctive flavor?
18 Common measure obviously not learned. (9)
20 Does the matador like his to attract the bull's attention, or might it just as easily be skipped? (7)
21 Not the country Greenwich is in.
22 How things are, if potted in Philadelphia? (7)
23 Storm on the stage? (7)
24 More than one 12, but the years have hardier ones than listening to a whisper or a sigh, according to Benet. (5)
27 Don't pay any mind to what the sergeant says! (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1046

ACROSS: 1 Sleeping Beauty; 9 Unarmed; 10 Hetaera; 11 Reason; 12 In the red; 14 Epitaph; 15 Pumps; 17 Essay; 19 Tendons; 21 Bass tuba; 23 Dollop; 25 Chateau; 26 Eritrea; 27 Interdependent. DOWN: 1 Soubrette; 2 Emanate; 3 Pomposity; 4 Nude; 5 Behindhand; 6 Aitch; 7 Theorem; 13 Earthbound; 15 Promotion; 16 Sycophant; 18 Sustain; 20 Splurge; 21 Back; 22 Theme; 24 and 8 down Deep-laid.

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The Nazi War Criminal Who Commands NATO

From Suite 3-E-180 in Washington

Not too often, a book is published which makes sudden and deep impact on our American way of life. Its truths startle readers and become the catalyst for national changes. In recent years Rachel Carson achieved this by exposing the indiscriminate use of insecticides. Jessica Mitford did the same for funeral practices of ludicrous and expensive proportions. Such a book is Charles R. Allen, Jr.'s *Heusinger of the Fourth Reich.*

Less than two decades separate us from the end of World War II and the subsequent Nuremberg trials in which hundreds of Nazis were convicted and punished for crimes against humanity. One of the war criminals was Adolph E. Heusinger, Chief of Operations and Planning of the German Army High Command (OKH), who directed all territorial forces of Hitler's *Wehrmacht.* He was not punished for his crimes, perhaps because he became a willing witness for the prosection.

Yet, as commander of the OKH, he directed the extermination on the Eastern front of Jews, Gypsies, Soviet commisars, partisans, and others as impediments to the Nazi drive. The slaughter was carried out by special SS troops, hardened for the task, but on orders of the OKH, many of which Heusinger personally signed, although, like Hitler, the general killed no one himself.

Grotesquely, Adolph E. Heusinger who escaped punishment at the Nuremberg trials was appointed in April, 1961, as Chairman of NATO's Military Committee. The full significance of this appointment was not lost in European capitals where memories of Nazi jackboots and crematoriums are longer-lived than in Washington.

SEN. MORSE WARNS

The Heusinger name stirred many Americans to anger, like Senator Wayne Morse:

" . . . let the State Department thoroughly understand that I do not buy the argument that . . . we can justify putting a Nazi general in a NATO military position where he will have influence, authority and power in determining the combined military policy to which the United States is a party. This Nazi general (Heusinger) unquestionably must bear his share of the responsibility for the deaths of thousands of American boys. . . . What about our memories? Are they that short?"

Heusinger operates today from luxurious Suite 3-E-180 in a wing of the Pentagon reserved for top brass. His rise from a Hitler intimate to a dominant position in NATO symbolizes the reemergence of the German General Staff heading a remilitarized Germany as the strongest power in Western Europe. Further, Heusinger symbolizes the myth spread by the State Department that the German General Staff is cleansed of its Nazis.

EISENHOWER WARNED

Ignored is the prophetic and knowledgeable warning by General of the Armies, Dwight D. Eisenhower, that "the German General Staff itself must be utterly destroyed."

Ignored is the current warning by Brigadier General (Retired) Hugh B. Hester that unless the Nazi-commanded military buildup in Germany is stopped—and soon—"nothing can save us from the war now being prepared by Heuseinger of the Fourth Reich."

Charles R. Allen, Jr., who served with U.S. Army Intelligence and with the Advisory Group to the American delegation of the US-USSR Joint Commission for the Unification of Korea, again serves the American public with an abundantly documented study of the role played by Heusinger and other Nazi-oriented Generals during the war and in the postwar remilitarization of Germany.

WARNING AND PRAISE

Says *The Churchman,* "This is no ordinary book. . . . We owe Mr. Allen a deep debt for having exposed this monstrous conspiracy. . . . "

An early review in *The New York Times* found "much raw material here worth pondering." A review in *The Nation* notes that "much of [the material] borders on the incredible."

D. F. Fleming, distinguished author of the 2-volume *Origins of the Cold War,* writes, "It is a much needed study, done brilliantly, and I certainly expect to use it in my future writings."

No American can consider himself politically knowledgeable unless he knows the factual information, painstakingly gathered over many years, in *Heusinger of the Fourth Reich.*

You are urged to weigh the startling and damning evidence for yourself. Obtain your copy now.

THE NEW GERMANY AND THE OLD NAZIS by T. H. Tetens, published in hardcover by Random House, and widely acclaimed, is now available in paperback. The *Christian Herald* found it a "terrifying" book whose "pages are filled with shocking accounts of how Nazis — even Hitler's own—have managed to return to power in almost every walk of German life, including the foreign office, the courts and the police." *The New York Times* review came to the same "inescapable conclusion that the Nazis have had a quiet comeback almost everywhere." These two books give a definitive picture of a re-Nazified Germany which is creating awesome problems for Europe and the world. They are must reading for every intelligent American.

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